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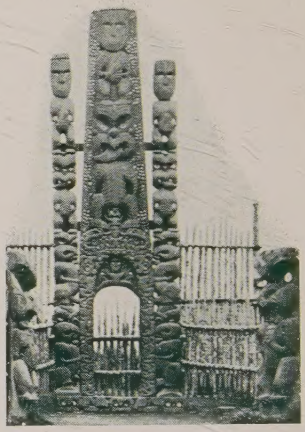

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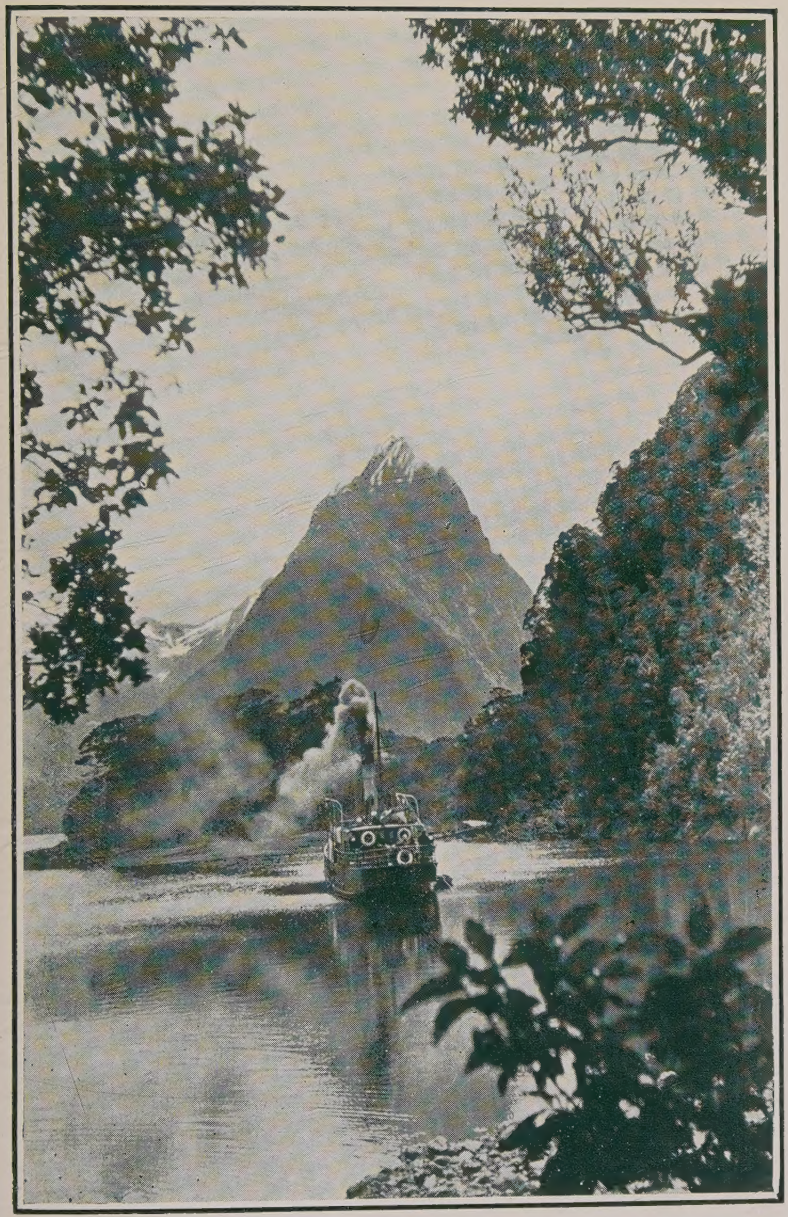

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Mitre Peak, Milford Sound.

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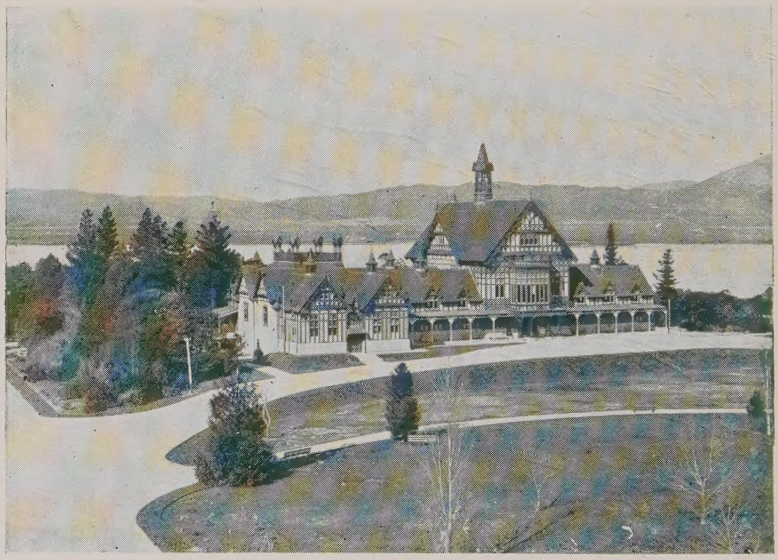

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TRAVEL IN NEW ZEALAND

THE ISLAND DOMINION

ITS LIFE AND SCENERY
PLEASURE-ROUTES
AND SPORT

By

JAMES COWAN, F.R.G.S.

Vol. II.—The South Island

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LIMITED
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PREFACE

This volume of "Travel in New Zealand" is descriptive of the varied landscapes of the South Island, more particularly the alpine, lake and fiord scenery for which the Wai-Pounamu is famous. All the important parts of the Island are covered, and special attention has been given to details of the Southern Alps regions accessible to travellers. The history and Maori folk-lore which give interest to so many scenes have been sketched.

A summary of New Zealand's geographical and climatic features, its political and commercial position in the Pacific, and its attractions for the permanent settler will be found in the introduction to Volume I. of this work.

JAMES COWAN.

WELLINGTON,
NEW ZEALAND, 1926.

CONTENTS

SOUTH ISLAND SECTION.

CHAPTER I.—THE MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS AND NELSON. THE BULLER ROUTE TO WESTPORT 1

CHAPTER II.—THE KAIKOURA ROUTE 19

CHAPTER III.—CHRISTCHURCH CITY, AND CANTERBURY PROVINCIAL DISTRICT 27

CHAPTER IV.—BANKS PENINSULA AND AKAROA. .. 36

CHAPTER V.—THE SOUTHERN ALPS. PEAKS AND GLACIERS OF THE AORANGI ZONE 49

CHAPTER VI.—WESTLAND. ITS MOUNTAIN PASSES, LAKES, FORESTS AND GLACIERS. 80

CHAPTER VII.—OVER THE HAAST PASS. FROM WESTLAND TO THE OTAGO LAKES 96

CHAPTER VIII.—OTAGO, SOUTHLAND AND THE GREAT LAKES: WAKATIPU, WANAKA, HAWEA, MANAPOURI .. 103

CHAPTER IX.—LAKE TE ANAU, AND THE FIORDLAND NATIONAL PARK. OVERLAND TO MILFORD SOUND 128

CHAPTER X.—FIORDS SOUTH OF MILFORD SOUND. .. 153

CHAPTER XI.—STEWART ISLAND. 165

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
Mitre Peak, Milford Sound	*Frontispiece*
Map of the Marlborough Sounds	3
Old Whaling Station at Te Awaiti	4
Port Underwood	5
Ship Cove (Captain Cook first anchored here)	6
Kenepuru Sound	7
Entrance to French Pass	10
The Nelson Boulder Bank	11
The Devil's Boots	12
Fruit Lands, Nelson Province	13
Lake Rotoiti, Nelson	15
The Buller River and Gorge Road	15
Remarkable Coast Rock Formation	16
The Giant's Tooth, Cape Foulwind	17
Whaling Station, South Bay, Kaikoura	18
Monument at Tuamarino	20
Kaikoura and the Mountains	22
Humpback Whale	24
A *Karaka* Grove	25
Harpoon-gun	26
Scott Statue	28
The Avon, Christchurch Public Gardens	29
Entrance to Rose Gardens, Christchurch Domain	30
Te Tihi o Kahukura, Castle Rock, Port Hills	31
Looking towards Purple Peak, Akaroa	35
Map of Banks Peninsula and Akaroa	37
The Town of Akaroa	38
Mount Brazenose, Akaroa	39
Akaroa in Spring-time	41
Memorial Point, Akaroa	43
Duvauchelles, Akaroa	44
Nikau Palm Gully, Akaroa	46
Wainui Bay, Akaroa Harbour	47
The Liebig Range	48
Homestead on the Braemar Sheep Station	51
Mount Cook and Other Main Peaks, Southern Alps	52
The Rolling Tussock Downs	53
Highland Cattle, Braemar Station	53
Mount Cook Hermitage	55
The Tasman and Hooker Valleys	56
Aorangi, from the Hooker Valley	58
Celmisia, Mountain Daisy	59
Aorangi, from the Sealy Range	60
The Main Range, Southern Alps	61
The Kea	63
The Moorhouse Range	64
The Copland Pass to Westland	66
A Ski-party	68
The Heart of the Southern Alps	72
The Ball Hut Camp	73
Head of the Tasman Glacier	75
The High Peak of Aorangi from the Middle Peak	77
The Middle and Low Peaks of Aorangi from the High Peak	77

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
A Shepherd of the Mackenzie Country	79
Approaching the Copland Pass from the West	81
The Otira Gorge, from the Zigzag	81
New Zealand Eidelweiss	82
Old Sluicing Workings for Gold	83
Lake Kaniere, Westland	86
A View of the Ice-cave, Godley Glacier	88
Gold-winning Dredge, Westland	89
The South Westland Forest Road	91
The Franz Josef or Waiau Glacier	93
The Fox Glacier	94
Township of Pembroke, Lake Wanaka	101
Caroline Bay, Timaru	104
Dunedin Railway Station	105
Lower Harbour, Dunedin, and Port Chalmers	106
First Church, Dunedin	107
The Maze, Dunedin Botanic Gardens	108
Queenstown, Lake Wakatipu	111
The Kawarau River	113
The Sea of Mountains: View from Ben Lomond	115
Lake Wakatipu, near Queenstown	117
In the Beech Woods at Paradise	117
Lake Hawea, near the Head	118
View from Sandy Bay, Lake Manapouri	120
Lake Manapouri, Looking West	121
Manapouri, from the Channel Islands	123
A 15-pointer Head of Red Deer	125
A 14-pointer Red Deer Stag's Head	126
Head of the Waiau River	127
The Wilmot Pass	129
Government Steamer, Lake Te Anau	130
Glade House, Lake Te Anau	132
The *Takahea*. Specimen in the Dunedin Museum	133
The Milford Sound Track	135
In the Beech Forest	136
The Head of the Clinton Cañon	137
Quintin McKinnon, the Explorer	138
In the Forest near Sutherland Falls	141
On the Arthur Valley Track	142
The Arthur River	143
Milford Sound and Mitre Peak.	143
The Mighty Walls of Milford	145
Looking up Milford Sound from Windbound Point	145
The Bowen Fall, Milford Sound	147
The Stirling Fall and Mount Pembroke	149
Donald Sutherland, Pioneer of Milford Sound	151
Helena Fall, Doubtful Sound	155
The Entrance to Hall's Arm, Doubtful Sound	156
Deep Cove, Doubtful Sound	157
Pickersgill Harbour	159
Facile Harbour, Dusky Sound	159
In Wet Jacket Arm, Dusky Sound	160
In Preservation Inlet, South-West Coast	162
The Glory of a Fiordland Sunset	163
H.M.S. "Acheron"	164
Half-Moon Bay, Stewart Island	166
A Corduroy Track, Stewart Island	167
Stewart Island	168
The Shining Cuckoo	171

SOUTH ISLAND

Showing the Railways, Motorroutes, Shipping routes, Cables, Towns, and Tourist resorts.

TRAVEL in NEW ZEALAND

THE SOUTH ISLAND

INTRODUCTORY.

IN configuration the South Island of New Zealand presents several contrasts to the North Island. It is more compact of outline, less sea-bitten in bays and harbours—except in the extreme north and the south-west ; over several hundred miles its icy mountains rise to greater heights than the North Island peaks ; and by way of counterpoise it spreads itself for thousands of square miles in alluvial plains and rolling pastoral downs.

The South Island is almost exactly the size of England and Wales ; its area is 58,120 square miles ; its length is 525 miles, with an average width of about 120 miles. The Island's physiography is all on the massive scale. Its long glittering chain of high Alps, traversing it longitudinally close to the western side, the prairie-like levels on the east, through which many snowy rivers rush down to the sea, its glacier-gouged fiords, and its numerous large lakes, mountain-belted and of vast depth, all give it a grandeur of scenery quite different from the landscapes of the North. For a country comparatively small, its chief physical features are of truly huge dimensions.

A considerable portion of the island is given up to wild nature ; besides the Southern Alps there are the forested Southern mountains and gorges of the Fiordland National Park, an area of two and a quarter million acres. The eastern plain, comprising chiefly the pro-

vince of Canterbury, is the source of wealth to the extent of many millions sterling each year; it is the great granary and one of the great wool and meat producing regions of the Dominion. This Canterbury Plain, with a length of considerably one hundred miles and a width of up to forty miles, covered with farmsteads, with many towns and villages, is a prairie stretch of alluvial land, very gently inclined to the sea, a country well tilled and carrying very large numbers of stock.

Further south the hills and meadow country of Otago, land of great herds and good crops, and the plains of Southland, famous for its oats and its wool and dairy produce. A rich and prosperous land from end to end; and a land of inspiring landscapes. Alp and glacier and lake, forest and stream and fiord, it has them all in plenty.

The superabundant moisture on the West Coast gives the rain-forests a tropic-like jungly wildness of growth. The lakes have a glory of forest and Alp framing and a gorgeous quality of colour transcending the beauty of the northern lakes. The deep mountain walled sounds are sombre, often awful, inevitably impressing those who enter them with a sense of the unconquerable and the sublime; a place for heroes, vikings.

The South Island was free from Maori wars, and this fact, added to the unforested character of the eastern plains, enabled its pioneer settlers to devote themselves uninterruptedly to pastoral and agricultural work. Here in the Greenstone Land, the chief element of adventure and romance was supplied by the successive "rushes" to the great alluvial goldfields in Otago and on the West Coast. Thousands upon thousands of adventurous young men, the pick of manhood, many of them from the Californian and Victorian diggings, swarmed across the seas by steamer and sailing-craft of every description to the new

goldfields of Central Otago and the phenomenally rich gold-bearing littoral of Westland. Many travelled overland from Canterbury to the Hokitika and Grey diggings, and further south as far as the wonderfully productive beach-claims at Okarito, and on to Bruce Bay. Those who toiled across the alpine passes, cutting through the glacier-hung ridgepole of the island, then down through the dripping jungly forests and across the ice-fed torrents, deserved all the fortune they unearthed. Unconsciously they were, after their fashion, builders of Empire, those bearded blue-shirted gold-hunters, whose primitive towns of canvas and saplings whitened many a wild ravine and surf-bound shore on the harbourless coast from the Buller to the Haast. The men of wash-dish and pick and sluice-box had their rugged prototypes in the pioneers of "Forty-nine" whose epic Joaquin Miller has given us in his "Ship in the Desert," like them:

> They saw the snowy mountains roll'd
> And heaved along the nameless lands
> Like mighty billows, saw the gold
> Of awful sunsets, saw the blush
> Of sudden dawn, and felt the hush
> Of Heaven when the day sat down
> And hid his face in dusky hands;
> Then pitch'd the tent where rivers run
> As if to drown the fallen sun.

The ancient name of Maui, the Polynesian canoe-voyager of a remote era, is poetically associated with each of the principal islands of New Zealand. The North Island is in Maori mythology "Te Ika-roa-a-Maui" ("The Long Fish of Maui"), symbolically descriptive of its discovery. The "fish-hook of Maui" —"Te Matau-a-Maui"—is the great curve of Hawke's Bay from Cape Kidnappers northward to Mahia Peninsula on the north—the barb of the hook, still protruding from the fish. Lake Taupo, in the middle of the island, is the heart of the Ika, and other parts of the island correspond to its eyes, its gills, and its tail. Crossing to the South Island we find the old natives

speaking in their figurative fashion of that island not only as the Wai Pounamu or "Waters of Greenstone," but as Te Waka-a-Maui, or "Maui's Canoe." Kaikoura peninsula, on the north-east side of the island, is described as the Taumanu-o-te-Waka-a-Maui, the thwart of the canoe against which the Polynesian prototype of Captain Cook braced his foot when hauling up the huge land fish from the ocean depths. In the extreme south, Stewart Island, or Raki-ura, is Te Puka punga o te Waka-a-Maui, "The Anchor of Maui's Canoe." The sailing canoe in which Maui is said to have discovered these islands is called by the natives of the East Coast of the North Island Nuku-tai-memeha; the South Island tribe (Ngai-Tahu) give it as Maahumui. The date was about fifty generations ago, or towards the end of the seventh century.

These traditional place names, embodying in the imaginative Maori fashion historical and geographical truths, testify to the Polynesian immigrants' accurate eye for topography and genius for exploration and a native sense of direction. The myths explaining the origin of the volcanoes and hot springs, describing the battles of the mountains, and accounting for the great snow-fed lakes of the South Island are interesting equally as examples of the Maori passion for personifying inanimate nature and as preserving in poetic form a scientific perception of some of the facts of geology and vulcanism.

In the field of sport the South Island offers the men of rifle, gun and rod "good hunting" of a variety, and withal, a cheapness, unsurpassed in other countries of the world. Red and fallow deer, and wapiti are there for the stalking, and although much of the country in which the herds roam is rather difficult to travel, the grandeur of the landscapes compensate the sportsmen for the roughness of the trail. Wild duck and other waterfowl are plentiful. Wapiti and moose, introduced

from North America, have thriven in the very rugged forested region between the West Coast sounds and Lakes Te Anau and Manapouri, and several very good heads of wapiti have been taken. It was estimated at the beginning of 1924 that the wapiti in this Fiordland National Park numbered, roughly, 2,000 head. Most popular of all sports is the trout-fishing, to which successful acclimatisation enterprise during the last few years has added Atlantic and quinnat salmon. The great snow rivers of the Island and Lake Te Anau now give the angler big baskets of splendid salmon.

The big quinnat salmon provide great sport in the Rangitata, Waitaki, Rakaia, Waimakariri, and other swift rivers. The first good fishing was had in the early part of last year when the fish came up the snow-fed rivers in great numbers. In the Rangitata the "silver horde" began to run in from the sea, making their way up to the spawning grounds, towards the end of February, and fishermen camped near the mouth of the river had such sport as they had never enjoyed before. It was estimated that 1,200 salmon were taken from the waters of the Rangitata during the season, most of them in very fine condition, ranging in weight from 10 lbs. to 40 lbs. Large Devon minnows and various spoons and spinners were used by the anglers. Good fish, too, were taken later on in Te Anau and other lakes. The quinnat salmon, identical with the famous Columbia River fish, was primarily introduced by the Government to provide an additional fish supply for food, and the industry of catching and tinning it is likely to become a big and profitable business. The sporting aspect was not considered then, but some anglers consider that for excitement and thrill salmon-catching surpasses trout-fishing in South Island waters.

A New Zealand angler who has fished in Britain and other lands recently made a striking comparison

between the cost of fishing in the Old Land and that of a season's sport in the Dominion. He quoted the case of an angler in England who had tendered £1,200 for the right to fish two miles of the river Wye, and his tender, not being the highest, was not accepted. "Just as good fishing as that for which £1,200 was offered," said this sportsman, "could be obtained at the Rangitata and Waitaki Rivers for a £1 license."

Chapter I.

MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS AND NELSON.

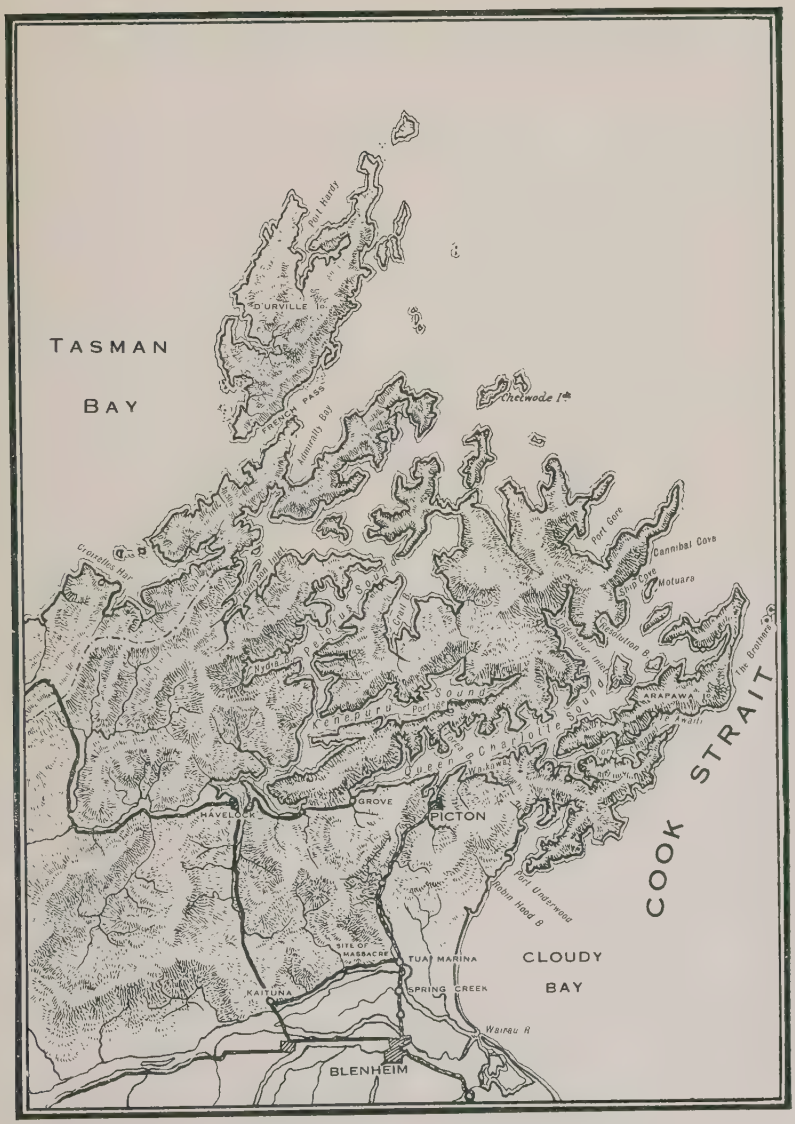
THE four hours' steam from Wellington across the narrow waters of Cook Strait—the Raukawa of the Maoris—and through Queen Charlotte Sound takes the traveller into a country widely differing from the North in the characteristic features of its physiography. Here there is no volcanic activity, and the few hot springs, occurring near the backbone range of the island, are but trickles. There is little trace of a volcanic past except in the curious nest of old craters of Port Lyttelton and the protruding lava cores of Banks Peninsula. The alpine spine that runs almost the whole length of the island, the numerous great lakes in their deep ice-ploughed beds, and the fiords of the south-west coast with their mile-high palisades of granite streaming with waterfalls; the great agricultural plains of the East Coast and the narrow littoral forests of the west threaded by swift glacial rivers—these are the elements that make the Greenstone Land, as it was called of old, a region of magnificent pictures. For a land that makes but a small showing on the chart of the Pacific, its chief scenic elements are on a scale that can only be described as colossal. It has a glacial system greater than Switzerland's or any other country in the temperate zone; it has mountain-framed lakes whose beds are lower than sea-level; and its fiords in their combination of tremendous glaciated cliffs and the richest of jungly rain-forests surpass anything that the sounds of Norway or Alaska can show. Here, too, by way of

contrast to the dramatic scenery of the west, are the great plains of Canterbury and the southern parts, the granary of New Zealand, traversed by the main trunk railway and studded with large provincial towns.

The traveller intending to make a fairly complete tour of the South Island should enter from Wellington by way of the Marlborough Sounds or via Nelson. The remarkable physiography of the north Marlborough district is the chief point of interest in this sector of the island. The coast is broken into a maze of deep bays which assume the dimensions of sounds, an intricate system of hill-pent inlets thrust far into the land, with innumerable subsidiary bays and coves, and numerous mountainous islands. The principal sounds, Queen Charlotte and Pelorus, have a combined inner sheltered shore line of more than five hundred miles, and there are numerous other well protected winding bays on Marlborough's coast—Port Gore, Admiralty Bay, Guard's Bay, Port Underwood*—a series of lakelike harbours, favourite rendezvous of old for the venturesome traders and whalers and now a summer rendezvous for pleasure craft from the Wellington side of the strait. The land is high ; in places the coast rises into ranges and peaks of 3,000 feet to 4,000 feet altitude, and the highly-broken character of the terrain gives it an infinite variety of scenery. The settlers along the Sounds coast find the waterway their best road, and so we find the motor-launch here takes the place of the car or the waggon elsewhere. Trading steamers, too, cruise through the in-and-out deep channels, discharging and picking up cargo at scores of landings.

Queen Charlotte Sound, named by Captain Cook in 1770, is the chief maritime avenue ; its deep waters, entered by a fine fiord, Tory Channel, are navigated

*Port Underwood, at the north end of Cloudy Bay, is a beautiful and safe harbour, landlocked from nearly all winds, and abounding in snug bays and coves. It is 32 miles W. by S. ¼ S. from the entrance of Port Nicholson. Mountainous land, rising over 3,000 feet, closely borders the sound, which runs northward until its head is within 1½ miles of the western part of Tory Channel ; a track goes across the isthmus. Port Underwood, like Te Awaiti, has a whaling history going back to the very early days, before the establishment of British rule, or in fact any rule at all, in New Zealand. It is a favourite harbour of refuge for vessels beset by Cook Strait storms, and a place of holiday for summer yachtsmen from Wellington.



The Marlborough Sounds, New Zealand.

by large steamers to the town of Picton, near the head, 53 miles from the port of Wellington and 18 miles from the open sea. From Picton, a pretty, hill-girt little town, the traveller may go on to Blenheim, the chief provincial town, by rail or road, or may explore an even more beautiful stretch of inland waters, Pelorus Sound, and from Havelock township continue the journey overland to Nelson by car and thence via the Buller valley route to the West Coast.

The old whaling station at Te Awaiti, Queen Charlotte Sound.

The first point of interest on the Wellington-Picton run is the narrow passage into Tory Channel (Kura-te-au of the Maoris), named after the New Zealand Company's pioneer ship "Tory," 1839. The mountainous island Arapawa walls the channel in on the north or starboard hand; here the steamer passes Te Awaiti bay, which has been a whaling station for about ninety years; fast oil-launches, harpoon-guns, and bomb-lances have superseded the old style six-oar whaleboats and the primitive gear of the old-time whale-chasers. The north entrance to Queen Char-

[McCusker, photo

Port Underwood, South Island of New Zealand.

lotte Sound is revealed as Arapawa is passed. That way lies Ship Cove (Totara-nui), a place of historic memory, for here Captain Cook anchored in January, 1770, on his first voyage to New Zealand, finding it "a very safe and convenient cove," with a good stream for watering his ship, the "Endeavour." On Motuara Island, opposite the snug bay, Cook hoisted the British flag. The beautifully wooded shores of Ship Cove are now preserved as a scenic and historic reserve of the State. Cook made rendezvous here

[*By courtesy of Mr. Russell Duncan*

Ship Cove. Captain Cook first anchored here on 16th January, 1770, and visited it on four occasions afterwards.

on each of his voyages. In 1773, on the shore of Arapawa, opposite the bay, the Maoris cut off a boat's crew from the "Adventure" (commanded by Captain Furneaux), Cook's consort, and feasted on the bodies of the sailors. The land-guarded waters hereabouts make grand pleasure grounds for yachtsmen from Wellington in the summer months. The many bays of Queen Charlotte Sound are visited, too, by hundreds of holiday-makers who find comfortable accommodation in the houses of stay; bays of charm in their framing of trees and shining beaches and their backing

of fine old hills ; waters swarming with fish of a score of varieties.

More beautiful still is Pelorus Sound, with its numerous subsidiary arms and bays. Pelorus Sound was originally Pylorus, after a British brig-of-war of that name, which was on this part of the coast in 1837. The Maori name is Te Hoiere. The shores carry more forest than those of Queen Charlotte Sound, and the outline is more broken into coves and long inlets running far into the wooded hills. A

Kenepuru Sound. [*Aldersley photo*

convenient way of exploring this grand waterway is to cross from Picton to Kenepuru Sound, where oil-launches can be hired for a cruise. Kenepuru is about ten miles long ; running down to its mouth the Hikapu reach of Pelorus Sound is entered. From here for scores of miles are wooded shores, alternating with water-front homesteads and farm clearings, and a succession of pretty bays and rocky headlands, delighting the eye with an infinite variety of landscape and waterview. Particularly enticing inlets are Nydia Bay, with its crowning forest ranges, Ynyca Bay, Fairy Bay, Fisherman's Bay, the indents charted as Crail, Maniaroa and Beatrix

Bays; and most lovely of all, the Tawhitinui Reach, with its islets and its snug white-beached coves. Here much of the coast is thickly wooded to the skyline, and the place has an unending charm for the lover of unspoiled Nature. Going out seaward the pleasure-cruiser comes to Forsyth Bay and thence the seaway is clear to French Pass, the steamer route to Nelson. The waters hereabouts, from the mouth of the Sound to the entrance to the remarkable pass, were in former years the haunt and patrol-ground of the famous dolphin "Pelorus Jack."

The Blenheim-Nelson main route passes through Havelock township, at the head of Pelorus Sound; the traveller boarding a motor-car here has a drive of much interest and landscape beauty through the farming lands and over the part-wooded hills to the shores of Nelson Bay. The saddle of the Whangamoa Range (altitude 1,800 feet) is the highest point crossed. The road is good and the regular car services are excellent.

On the sea-route from Wellington to Nelson the steamer passes a group of high rocky islands called The Brothers; the Maori name is Nga-whatu ("The Rocks," or "The Eyes"). Here Captain Cook's "Endeavour" had a narrow escape from wreck in 1770. On the highest island now stands a tall lighthouse with a 10-second flashlight. Among the olden Maoris Nga-whatu were isles of *tapu* and dread, and there were curious observances among canoe-voyagers across these perilous waters. A Maori of the old school thus describes these ceremonies in propitiation of Nga-whatu's *genius loci*:

"When our Ngati-Toa people of old crossed over from Kapiti or Omere or the Whanganui-a-Tara (Port Nicholson) to Pelorus Sound and other parts of the South Island coast, they were very careful to observe certain rites, not only in respect to Nga-whatu but to the sacred Sea of Raukawa (Cook Strait). They would not paddle across it in an ordinary or care-free way (*e kore e hoea noatia*). Any strangers

in the canoe who had not previously crossed the Sea of Raukawa would be blindfolded ; that is they wore *kopare* or eye shades of *karaka* leaves ; these large leaves were bound to the brows of the newcomers, covering the eyes, so that they could not look about them ; only the paddle handles, the blades of the paddles and the water close to the canoe side were left visible. The carved figurehead of the canoe was also covered with chaplets of *karaka* leaves in the same way. Only those who had previously crossed the Strait were left with eyes uncovered ; they acted as pilots and time-givers, and also called out from time to time indicating the position of the canoe. No stranger could look on Nga-whatu's rocks with safety, and not until the islands were left far behind and the coast was reached did the people remove their leaf eye-shades."

Now the lighthouse on the highest Whatu, 235 feet above the sea and two and a half miles from Cape Koamaru, has destroyed some of the terrors which surround these surf-beaten rocks, with their treacherous currents and tide-rips. Lighthouse keepers soon become naturalists on these places, for the bird life is amazingly clamant. Millions of sea-birds are here. Terns, shags, puffins, divers, mutton-birds, gannets, scream and squabble all day long at their fishing, and the home-coming from the day's seeking of meals on the waters is a sight for marvel.

Another lighthouse island, Stephen Island, out to the N.W., is of interest because it is the home of the *tuatara* reptile (*Sphenodon punctatus*) in great numbers. The *tuatara* lives there not only in holes in the ground but in the hollow butts of the large trees.

The French Pass (Te Au-miti, or "Licking Current") is a narrow gut of water, through which the tide sets with great force, between the mainland and the mountainous island Rangitoto or D'Urville Island, called after the French navigator who was the first to take a ship through the pass. D'Urville discovered and navigated Te Au-miti in 1827 in the corvette

"Astrolabe." He sailed through from Croiselles Bay, on the Nelson side, to Admiralty Bay; the "Astrolabe" struck the rocks twice and lost a portion of her false keel in the adventure.

The Pass is 540 yards across in its narrowest part, at high water, but a reef of rocks extending from Reef Point in a S. by E. direction about 400 yards, leaves only a clear straight channel of 117 yards.

[*Aldersley, photo*

Entrance to French Pass.

On the end of this reef, only uncovered at high spring tides, there is a lighthouse, and vessels can come as close as 10 yards to the steep-to point of the reef if necessary. This long reef, in Maori folk-lore, is one of the *parirau* or wings of a legendary bird, the Kawau-a-Toru ("Toru's Cormorant") which came from Hawaiki, in the South Seas, and which in breasting the swift current in the Pass was killed; its wings were broken and cast ashore, where they were transformed to stone.

D'Urville Island, 17 miles long, is lofty and very much broken, with some beautiful bays, and some very bold scenery on its western side. There is much bush ; the cleared portions of the island are sheep and cattle runs.

Nelson.

The town and port of Nelson (Maori name Whakatu) have many points of interest for the traveller besides the great attraction of the district, its mild equable climate. The harbour is formed by a singular natural

[*F. H. Jones, photo.*

The Nelson Boulder Bank, showing the artificial entrance to the Harbour cut through it.

breakwater, the great boulder-bank called of old by the natives Te Tahuna-a-Tamaiea ("Tamaiea's Shoal" or rocky bank). This breakwater, eight miles in length, completely encloses the inner bay, except for a natural narrow entrance and an artificial channel, cut for steamers. The settlement was one of the Wakefield colonies, founded in 1841 by the New Zealand Company. Some of the principal street names are in consonance with the naming of the town ; there are Trafalgar, Nile, Hardy, and Collingwood Streets. On a fine mound at the head of Trafalgar Street is the Anglican Cathedral, occupying the site of a fortification built

in 1843 and named Fort Arthur after Captain Arthur Wakefield, the Company's agent in charge of the settlement, who was killed by Te Rangihaeata at the affray of the Wairau. Nelson owes its exceedingly mild pleasant climate to its configuration and its sheltering rampart of mountains; these ranges, rising on all sides but the north, are from 3,000 to 4,000 ft. high. Perfectly protected from cold winds and lying open

The Devil's Boots, Rockville, Collingwood, Nelson. [*F. N. Jones, photo*

to the quarter of greatest sunshine, it enjoys a higher mean temperature than many places in the north. Many a traveller has fallen in love with the climatic and other charms of Nelson, and one of these is Miss Annette Kellerman, the film star, who selected it as an ideal place for moving-picture making. She said (June, 1922):

"This Nelson of yours is a wonderful place. It has not rained there for four weeks, the sun has been shining, and I have been sea-bathing every day. And this is mid-winter. We did 'Neptune's Daughter' in Jamaica. Do you know, the conditions in

Nelson are much better than they were there. I don't mean Nelson town so much, but the weather, the air, and the beautifully picturesque surroundings. If ever you develop a Los Angeles in New Zealand it will be in Nelson. There one can get any kind of scenery one is likely to want—fine beaches, wonderful rocks, and cave scenery over Takaka way, clear water, mountains, valleys, gardens —everything that is needed to enhance screen scenes in the open."

Many, too, have found Nelson the pleasantest of places for a permanent home, with its advantages of

[*N. Z. Govt. Publicity Dept., photo*

Fruit Lands below Bald Knob, Nelson Province.

climate, its plenitude of tree-groves and orchards and gardens, its excellent sport, and withal its comparative cheapness of living. The beautiful province is a land of abundant profit in fruit, agriculture, and dairying; it is a country of great apple orchards, hop-gardens, vineries, besides every branch of farming industry; it has forests of great extent and value; and, most valuable of all, there is its variety of mineral resources as yet undeveloped. The huge deposits of iron ore at Parapara, combined with coal and limestone, will yet make it a rich industrial place with the greatest

iron-smelting and steel works south of the Equator. The town itself is sweet with flowers and orchards ; there is a pretty park—the Queen's Gardens—with a willow-shaded serpentine lakelet alive with swan and *putangitangi* or paradise duck ; and there are sylvan walks up the woody banks of the Maitai stream.

A motor drive over the Waimea Plains, covered with orchards, hop-gardens and well-tended farms, will take a visitor through a pleasant country district unequalled for fertility and for evidence of solid comfort. Another drive of interest is a run out along the coast to Whakapuaka, formerly the landing-place of the Eastern Extension Company's cable from Australia. This place was the scene in 1864 of a remarkably brave exploit by Huria Matenga (Julia Martin), a young Maori woman of rank, who with her husband, Hemi Matenga, and two other Maoris swam out to the rescue of the crew of a wrecked brigantine, the " Delaware." The sailors owed their lives in chief measure to the heroic exertions of the athletic Julia, whose exploit earned for her the title of " The New Zealand Grace Darling."

Among the unusual sights of Nelson province is the wonderful Wai-ngaro-pupu spring in the Takaka district, one of the largest cold-water fountains in the world ; a river suddenly boiling up from the earth and discharging an almost incredible volume of water. Wai-ngaro-pupu means " Upgushing Hidden Waters."

South of Nelson town there is much bold and beautiful scenery in the wooded mountains. There are two fine alpine lakes, Rotoiti and Rotoroa ; in the surrounding mountains and many other parts of the province there are red and fallow deer in large numbers.

From Nelson the traveller may go on to Westland by rail and motor via the Buller valley. The distance to Westport is 144 miles ; to Greymouth it is 175 miles, and to Hokitika 200 miles. The route from the railhead at Glenhope (59 miles) is through the hill country to the Hope Saddle (1,200 feet) where there is a far-spreading view of wooded ranges mounting to the

Lake Rotoiti, Nelson. (2,000 ft.)

The Buller River and the Gorge Road [*C. Barton, photo*

snow-capped Spenser Mountains; thence down into the valley of the Buller River. For 64 miles the road is down the banks of this powerful river to its mouth

Remarkable Coast Rock Formation. Blowhole, Punakaikai, West Coast. [*H. C. Peart, photo*

at the coal town of Westport. The road is very good, and motoring down this bold mountain valley between the forested ranges is interesting and pleasant all the way. There is some fine bold cliff scenery on the

lower part of the river, where the highway is carved out of the mountain side on the left bank of the strongly rushing stream, but for variety and luxuriance of forest the Buller road is outdone by some of the North Island routes new to travellers, in particular the Opotiki-

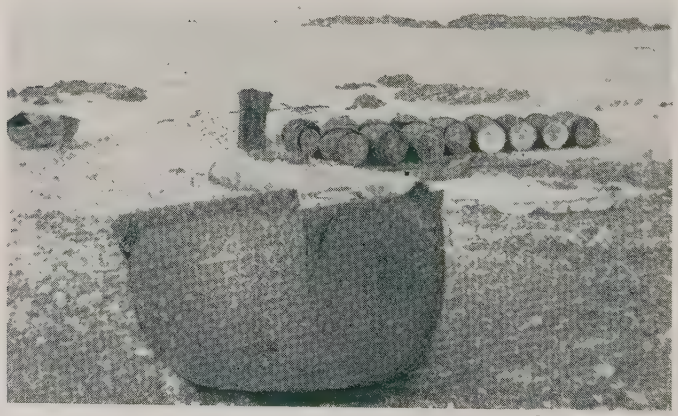
The Giant's Tooth, Cape Foulwind. (7 miles from Westport.) [*H C. Peart, photo*

Motu road, between the Bay of Plenty and Gisborne, and the beautiful stretch of rugged bush country between the Whirinaki River at Te Whaiti and Ruatahuna in the Urewera Country.

Westport is famous for its good Coalbrookdale coal, and is New Zealand's chief coal-shipping port with a safe harbour and great lines of coal-staiths on

the river where steamers are quickly loaded from chutes. Otherwise the low-lying town is not interesting, and unless the traveller wishes to see something of the semi-alpine coalmining settlement at Denniston, he will lose no time in pushing on to Hokitika by way of Reefton, the principal quartz-mining centre in the South Island, and the coal-shipping port of Greymouth.

Denniston (alt. 1,800 ft.) is reached from Conn's Creek Railway Station by a road which climbs a forested mountain side. The coal from the mines (the Coalbrookdale field) is brought down by a remarkable inclined line of rails, over a mile long. The loaded trucks draw up the empty ones, and the operations are regulated by powerful hydraulic brakes.



[*J. Cowan, photo*

At the whaling station, South Bay, Kaikoura. In the foreground, an old-fashioned try-pot for boiling down blubber.

Chapter II.

THE KAIKOURA ROUTE.

THE principal tour on the eastern side of the South Island, that from Blenheim south to Christchurch (223 miles), is in some respects even more attractive than the west coast road via the Buller. It makes a splendid car run ; the roads are in general good, and the landscapes and seascapes are as varied as one can find anywhere on a wheel road in New Zealand. Some day Picton and Blenheim will be linked up with Christchurch by rail, the South Island trunk line for which Marlborough is waiting. At present there is a gap of about 80 miles between the Marlborough and Canterbury rail-heads. Travellers' needs are filled by a regular car service between Blenheim and Parnassus (the Canterbury rail terminus), by way of the seaside town of Kaikoura, 92 miles from Blenheim.

Before leaving Blenheim, a hint may be given that an interesting route to that town from Wellington, as an alternative to the Picton sea route, is to take passage by the small steamers plying direct from Wellington to Blenheim by way of the Wairau River, 43 miles. After the bar is crossed at the Wairau Heads, the steamer passes up a beautiful inland waterway. The broad Wairau flows through a fertile countryside, between low banks bordered with weeping willows for many miles. There is a loop river, the Opawa, which flows through Blenheim – the Wairau does not approach nearer than Spring Creek, five miles out—and the steamers use either of the streams. There is a Maori settlement, Wairau Pa (Ngati-Rarua tribe) a few miles up the river. The principal place of historic interest in the district is Tuamarino (erroneously locally spelled with a terminal

"a" instead of "o") the scene of the one-sided fight in 1843 between Captain Arthur Wakefield's undisciplined party of Nelson men and a body of Ngati-Toa Maoris under Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata.

[*McCusker, photo*

Monument erected at Tuamarino in memory of the twenty-two white men who fell there in 1843.

The cause of the conflict was a foolish and unjustifiable attempt to arrest Te Rauparaha over a dispute arising out of the disputed purchase and attempted survey

of the Wairau Plain by the New Zealand Company. Twenty-one white men were killed in the affray, including Wakefield himself and several of the principal men of the Nelson settlement. Wakefield and a number of others surrendered but were tomahawked by Te Rangihaeata in revenge for one of his wives shot at the beginning of the fight. A monument to the Englishmen killed stands on Memorial Hill, Tuamarino, where the affair occurred, about 6 miles from Blenheim.

Leaving Blenheim for Kaikoura, the traveller sees the best of Marlborough's farming country and passes through the beautiful Awatere valley. Many sheep stations are passed in the good pastoral country, and there is unending variety in the close glimpses of back-blocks life. High on the right, ever looming more grandly, are the snowy heights of the Kaikoura Mountains. Kaikoura is the end of the first day's journey, and in the comfortable little watering place one should spend at least a day, for its surroundings and the views from the Kaikoura Peninsula form the culminating point of the coast run. The town is backed by a great natural protecting rampart, a limestone ridge that makes the peninsula and gives the place shelter from the southerlies. To its northerly and easterly aspect, facing the quarter of greatest sunshine, it owes its Napier-like warmth and mildness of climate, tempered by a salt breath of ocean. Dustless breezes, blowing over thousands of miles of the Pacific heaving out yonder, or, to temper again the December heat, a cooling wind bringing with it a tang of Tapuae-nuku's lofty snows. The beach, of dark grey sand, is broken here and there by black rocky reefs, whose butts are glossy with shining kelp. At one end of the mile-long beach, below the outer white bluff, there is the steamer wharf, where Kaikoura ships away its prime cheese, its wool and oaten chaff and cocksfoot grass seed, and the splendid fish for which it is famous ; at the other a clear river, a larger and deeper Avon, with its swans and its waving cresses and willows, glides out into Ingles Bay. The stream the local people call Lyell Creek ;

its Maori name is Wai-Kowau, or "Stream of the Shag," otherwise "Cormorant Creek." Between the two terminals the town sits stragglewise on its green flat below the greener terrace. At the back of the peninsula, stretching for seven or eight miles to the base of the indigo-blue pile of Mount Fyffe, there is a plain of farming country as level as a table, except for an isolated knoll, well watered with streams and springs and strewn about with comfortable-looking

Kaikoura and the Mountains. *Havelock Williams, photo*

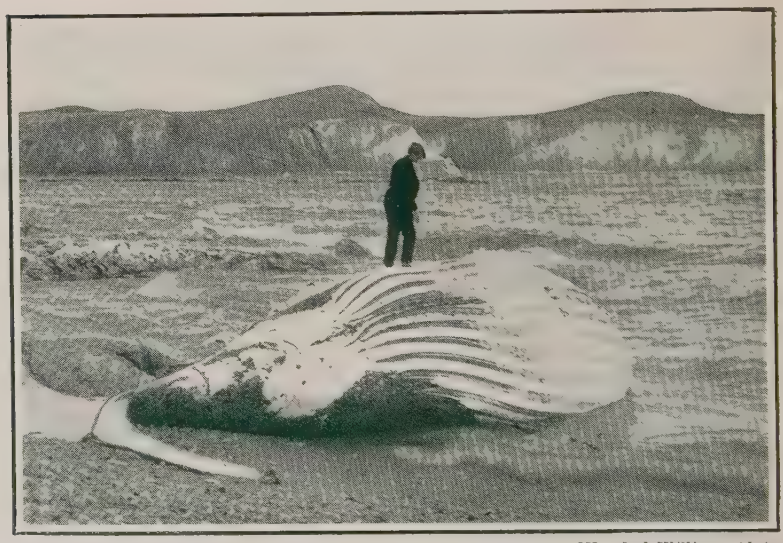
homes, with here and there a church spire lifting above the trees.

There are noble pictures from the high Kaikoura Peninsula. Below, the bay with "the long roll of the sapphire sea"; beyond, the hugely crumpled ranges, bounding the line of vision northward and westward—Mount Fyffe (named after an old-time whaling captain who did business in these waters), running up to the 5,000 feet level, then Kaitarau and Whakaari up to 8,700 feet, and high and beyond, his snowy scalp just showing through a gap of Whakaari, the king of

all the Kaikoura, splendid Tapuae-nuku, 9,462 feet in altitude. Tapuae-nuku seems to me a kind of half-way mountain heliograph station between Christchurch and Wellington. A grand name he bears, too, befitting the loftiness of his ice-capped citadel. Tapuae-nuku may be translated as "Footsteps of the Rainbow"; "nuku" here is a contraction of Uenuku, the Maori deity whose sign and visible symbol was the arch of the rainbow. Whakaari, too, is a fine peak name; it means "Uplifted," or "Held up to View." The changing play of cloud-form and the glory of Nature's colour scheme give these peaks perpetual beauty. Most exquisite of all, perhaps, is the vision in the early evening, when the last of the sun is just touching the summit of Tapuae-nuku but has left the mighty bases of Whakaari and Mount Fyffe in shadow, and when from the valleys and ridges that the hot sunshine has steeped all day there rises a thin blue haze like the smoke of a million fairy camp fires. The softness, the delicacy of this bath of colour, in which the bases of the old dark mountains seem to swim and dissolve, is hardly to be imagined by those who have not watched the magic turning of day to dark about the feet of the great alps.

In the South Bay, on the opposite side of the peninsula to the town, is the most historic spot in *pakeha* Kaikoura, the whaling station, alongside the little native village of Te Hiku-o-te-Waero, "The End of the Tail." The name is apt enough, for the decayed little *kainga* sits near the tip of a long flat stretching out southward from the peninsula; the whaling station is just seaward of it. It is a quiet slumberous spot, except in the whaling season, the midwinter months. Here on the glittering rocks of the Hiku-o-te-Waero is a more historic corner even than the close-by whaling station: the *tino* of Kaikoura, the exact spot from which the district takes its name. Near by the foot of the old whalers' shear-legs is the place, according to local tradition, where Tama, the long-ago Polynesian sailor-explorer from the

Pacific Islands—some tribes give his name in full as Tama-ki-te-rangi, or "Tama-of-the-Sky"—landed from his canoe, the Tairea, and with his *tapa*-clad crew kindled a fire and cooked a meal of the crayfish (*koura*) that abound here. From the circumstances of that coast-cruising meal the place derives its name, "Te Ahi Kai-Koura-a-Tama," or "Tama's Crayfish-



[*Havelock Williams, photo*

Humpback Whale on the South Bay Beach, Kaikoura.

Cooking Fire," which in these days has been shortened to Kai-Koura.

Southward from Kaikoura the coast road runs within a few yards of the rocky winding shore for a dozen miles, then turns inland into the forested hills and the high sheep country. This seaside route is more beautiful even than the section north of Kaikoura. The way is often through groves of *karaka* and *ngaio*, growing close to the sea; here and there a settler's beachside home is passed. Through gracefully wild parks the road goes; on the left the sparkling sea, coming in in long easy breathings, breaking in little smothers of surf on the outer rocks and gently

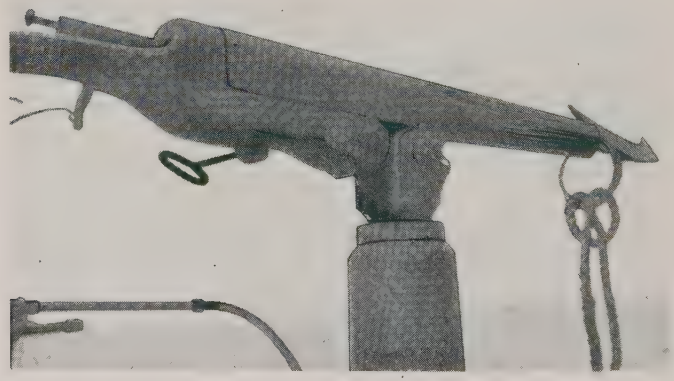
swishing in on the sands in the tiny half-moon bays ; on the right the steep hill-sides lifting into mountainous altitudes. At the Omihi there is a sheep station homestead under the *karaka* trees. Near by an old coast resident's cottage is a bower of geraniums, and it is difficult to distinguish exactly where his orchard merges into the bush at the back, where the range goes up a thousand feet into the sky. All this is classic Maori country ; Rauparaha and his musketeers from Kapiti

A *Karaka* Grove, on the coast road, south of Kaikoura.

raided these coasts, and Omihi ("The Place of Loving Greetings") has a tale of massacre and cannibalism.

At the mouth of the Oaro River, where there is a small Maori settlement—with the tiniest church imaginable, a little Catholic chapel, built by the Maoris, standing in a *ngaio* park of its own—the road strikes inland, and there is a change of scene. Gorges and hairpin bends, with some exciting hill navigation ; river crossings, and long runs through some fine forest. Birds are plentiful, especially the *tui*, feasting if it be the season on the honey flowers of the small

trees. Here, as on Banks Peninsula, the *tui* has no shyness of man ; his bell-tongue wins him sanctuary. Then mile after mile of rolling sheep country, the Hundalee district, the view bounded on the seaward side by sierras of peaks, exceedingly steep yet all grassy to their tops. Swift rivers are crossed, notably the headstrong Conway, over-fond of changing its often-flooded course, next the Waiau and the Hurunui. Between the Waiau and the Hurunui the good Cheviot country is traversed, a district once given up to a solitary big sheep station, but now supporting hundreds of farming families. From here it is a swift and pleasant run in to Christchurch City through the well-settled and sightly agricultural and dairying levels of North Canterbury.



[*J. Cowan, photo*

The harpoon-gun used by the whalers, Kaikoura. Each motor-launch has one mounted in the bows. The harpoon is here shown in the gun ready for firing.

Chapter III.

CHRISTCHURCH CITY AND CANTERBURY PROVINCIAL DISTRICT.

EACH of the four chief cities of New Zealand has its individual and characteristic features, and perhaps none carries the story of its birth so strongly marked as Christchurch does. Although it has developed into a more cosmopolitan place than the founders intended, it still reminds English travellers of some large cathedral town in the Old Country. The stately English Cathedral is the centre and focus of the leisurely spreading city ; the principal streets radiating from it bear the names of Anglican bishoprics and the squares those of English martyr bishops. Its distance from its busy seaport enhances the surface air of detachment and leisureliness, qualities which make all the pleasanter impression on a visitor. It is a city of groves and flowers, even in the heart of it, and the beautiful little river wandering through its willowed levels completes its park-like aspect. If an artist in " purple patches " desired a spring-time scene for his pen he could scarcely do better than come to Christchurch. The spring of the year is the time to see the garden city in its glory ; and it is almost worth while waiting all through the winter to have a sight of Christchurch some fragrant October morning in its new season's dress of leaf and flower, done in green and white and gold ; its oak groves and chestnut avenues freshly burst into their foliage ; its miles of willows trailing their soft weepers aslant the glassy Avon ; the snowy blossoms of apple and peach and pear, and the soft pink of the cherry showing above the fences even in the heart of the town ; the slender grace of the silver birches, lacy with their filamentous leafage, that call to mind MacWhirter's Highland loch-side pictures ; the fresh, cool lawns,

with their jonquil beds that go gently sloping to the margin of the little river; the grenadier lines of poplars in the glory of bright spring clothes; the tall *korari* stalks of the flax-bushes dipping to the water-side, bearing abundant promise of honey liquor for the summer birds, slowly nodding like great antennae in the breezes that come down from the hills of tussock

Scott Statue, Christchurch,

and over the plains; the hawthorn trees that here and there deliciously scent the public gardens; the gorgeous wisteria hanging in grape-like clusters over doorways and garden-arches; and now and again the lone and lovely *kowhai*, the golden tree of the Maori spring, its yellow spangles a gay foil to the blue-green eucalyptus and the dark, unchanging pines. Hagley Park in particular is a picture to content the heart, with its

lakelets, its greenness, its framing of oak-leaf and willow hair, and beyond, as the stroller turns cityward, the tall marlinspike of the Cathedral spire, looking over all, quite after the artist's heart.

Nevertheless, for all its garden graces and the reminders of its semi-ecclesiastical birth, Christchurch is a busy place of trade, as becomes the metropolis of a great agricultural and pastoral province. One

The Avon in Christchurch Public Gardens.

has only to tour the great Canterbury Plains for a day or two and see something of the vast sheep country on the downs and alpine foot-hills in rear again of the plains, to realise the solid basis of Christchurch's business and prosperity. There are some industrial concerns, too, on a big scale; the principal are the meat-freezing works and the Kaiapoi woollen mills, where very large quantities of the province's two primary products are prepared for the markets.

For a detailed description of the landscape, architectural, artistic and other interesting features of Christchurch the traveller should read Whitcombe and Tombs' little book in the " New Zealand Cities " series. Here it is sufficient to indicate the parks, the sea-beaches at New Brighton and Sumner, the Cathedral, the Museum, and the historic Provincial Council Chambers as among the most interesting items that the capital of the Plains has to show the visitor. The fine racecourse at Riccarton, too, must be mentioned ; and if

Entrance to the Rose Gardens, Christchurch Domain.

the traveller happens to come to Christchurch during, say, " Carnival Week " in November he is assured of seeing horseflesh and racing of which Goodwood or Ascot might be proud.

The Port Hills.

" I find there is enough of the troglodyte in most persons," wrote Mr. John Burroughs, " to make them love the rocks, and the caves and legends that the air and the rains have carved out of them. The rocks are not so close akin to us as the soil ; they are one more remove from us, but they lie back of all and are the primal source of all. Time, geologic

time, looks out at us from the rocks as from no other object in the landscape."

[*C. Beken, photo*

Te Tihi o Kahukura. Castle Rock, Port Hills, overlooking the Heathcote Valley.

Mr. Burroughs wrote of his familiar landscapes in which no volcanic element was apparent in the surface earth-structure, but his words are nowhere

more applicable than on the Canterbury Port Hills, where reminders of the fiery past of Lyttelton Harbour and its annular palisading of craggy heights confront the eye at every turn. And here, above all rock regions, is the spot to indulge troglodytic fancies and cultivate an intimacy with the varied contours of the cave-riddled hills. Here, a thousand feet and more above the heated plains, one may explore mile after mile of the broken range-crest and study the curious architecture in which the mountain chain that walls Lyttelton from Christchurch city expresses its tossed and stormy birth.

All along the fire-fused line of these Summit peaks from the Lighthouse to the Seven Sleepers and beyond there are bold bits of rock and cliff scenery—abrupt escarpments like redoubt walls, bearded with mountain flax and flakey from the attacks of ages of winter frosts; straight, smooth cleavages that seem almost artificial, so sharply and finely are they worked by Nature, the great sculptor; rounded buttresses like enormous pillars shoring up the mountain side; caves here and there, old bubbles in the molten lava, caves that might have sheltered some cannibal highwayman in the days of stone club and face-tattoo; strangely shapen projections of the cliff-edge, some remindful of animal forms; tomahawk faces of grey storm-beaten rhyolite dipping down into the green arms of the little woods where the *tui's* echoing *bing-bong* and gurgling chuckle are heard in the shady depths when the bush fruits are ripe. Here and there a little watercourse, its fountain-head waters dripping from some crevice in the rocks, arboured over by a matted roofing of *kotukutuku*, twisty and witchy of branch, and *mahoe* or whitewood and glossy-green *karaka*. Deep down in these twisting gullies below the harbour-facing cliffs, there lingers still a certain quality of primitiveness and an atmosphere in keeping with the legendry of the Hills. It is a place for romantic picture-making, this harbourward aspect of the range from the ramparted heights of Okete-upoko,

towering over Lyttelton town southward away to the gaunt tooth of Cooper's Knobs. Those hills with so smooth and sleek and settled a gradual upward swell from the Canterbury Plain and so startling a halt and so straight a plump down into the talus that slopes seawards at their feet, carry an added wildness on days of mist and fog, or in days of storm, when the swirling vapour-masses make of them mountains as savage as a painter's most eerie Highlands landscape. Alps in miniature, but volcanic alps, with a peculiar element of shattered, fire-wrought gloom and glory that one may look for in vain in the mighty backbone range of perpetual snow and ice. In the ever-wonderful variety of rock-shape, in the masterful fashion in which Ruaimoko, the volcano god, has scarped these walls of swarthy stone, and thrust up his bony fist through the tussocky crests of the ridges ; in the little cañons and the fan-like valleys hidden between the shrugged-up folds of the ranges ; in the always-green copses of native vegetation that cushion the grey old tors —in these lies the spell which Canterbury's Port Hills and the Banks Peninsula hills hold for some of us over other and more famous upland regions in the South Island.

The Hanmer Hot Springs.

Canterbury has its mineral-water spa, the Hanmer Hot Springs, 93 miles by rail and road, 87 by road, from Christchurch City. Here are comfortable places of accommodation, a small township in fact, besides the Government-owned spa buildings and the well appointed baths. The quantity of mineralised hot water welling from the earth at the spa is but a trickle as compared with the vast volumes of boiling hot water pouring out at Rotorua and at a hundred other points in the thermal country. The springs of Hanmer, however, are not to be despised even by those who know Rotorua and Taupo ; they have their undoubted virtues, and the flow is sufficient to warrant the permanent upkeep of the spa as a place of healing.

The Government Balneologist has told us about that in a brochure dealing in expert fashion with this *Wai-ariki* of the South. But of scarcely less value is the Hanmer tonic, which comes in no stinted quantity, the gloriously pure, fresh upland air, and with it the nerve-soothing aloofness of the place, the quiet and the restfulness that make a stay in the Hanmer country a feast of health and brain-restoring solace. A beatific spirit of repose, best of all medicines for brain-fagged men and women, broods over all this free country. There are social life and amusements of many kinds at Hanmer, but the maximum benefit can be obtained only by developing a habit of country expeditions and long hours in the breezy open.

There is a suggestion of dreariness in the landscape which possibly strikes the traveller on his first visit to Hanmer. But this impression vanishes as the stay is prolonged. The wind-waved tussocks of the plains, the tall cabbage palms that dot the hillsides and the river straths, like great pencils with frayed-out, fuzzy heads, the glinting course of the rivers, winding through wide beds of grey shingly waste, the snow-streaked ranges, all have their landscape graces. The lucid air, the ever-changing play of light and colour on the plains and the distant ring of hills, are delightful to the senses.

There is much to interest the traveller on the Christchurch-Hanmer car run. The way is through farms country of North Canterbury, the limestone downs and bold rock formations of the Weka Pass, on into the valley of the Waikari, across the strongly rushing Hurunui River, over the Amuri Plains, with their great sheep runs, and finally through the varied scenery of the Waiau, until at Hanmer Plains the altitude is 1,000 feet above sea level.

The original descriptive Maori name of the Hanmer Plains country, centreing in the hot springs, is here for the first time recorded. It is Mani-rauhea, which means "Plain of the Shining Tussock." "Mani" is short for "mania," a level expanse of land, and

"rauhea" is the fine tussock of the high country inland, which has now largely been supplanted by English grasses on the plains. The Maori had an eye for the beautiful, for all his very practical traits, and some of the old men of Ngai-Tahu speak with admiration of the sight which the Hanmer Plains and beyond presented half a century or so ago when the prairie of native grass was set all quivering and shining by the mountain wind.

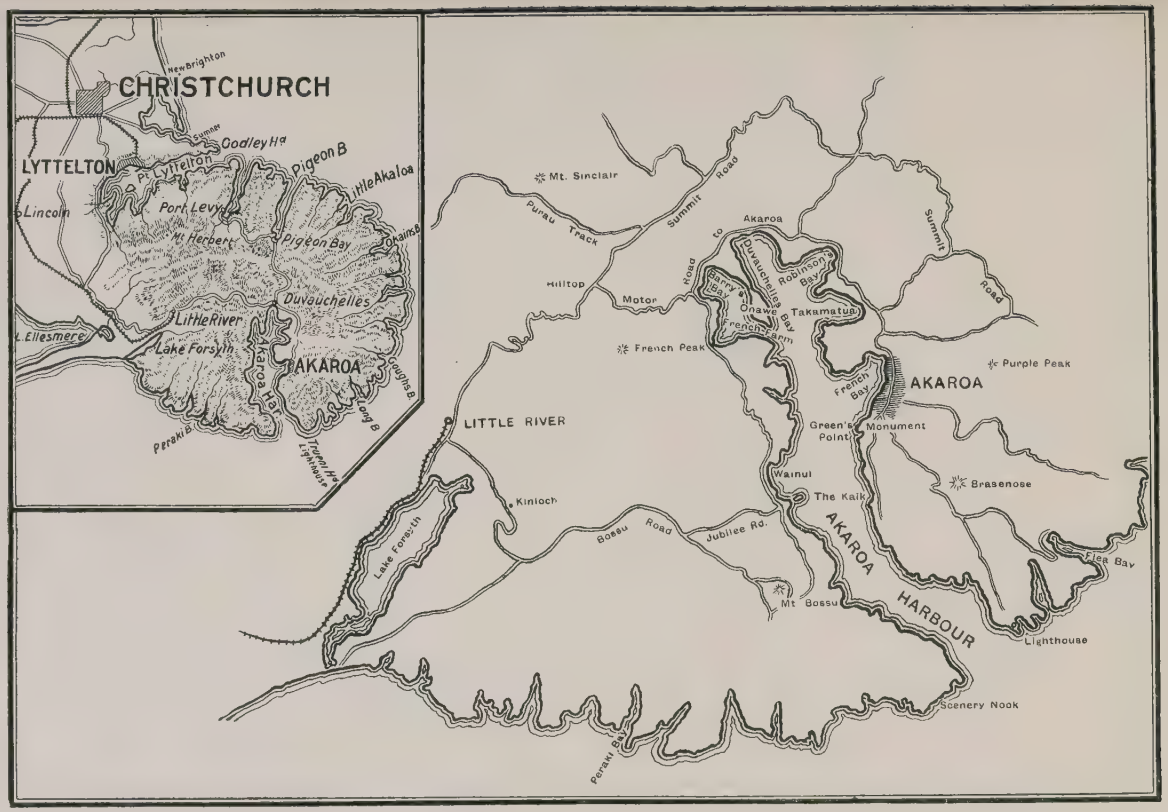
[*J. L. Buckland, photo*

Looking towards Purple Peak, Akaroa.

Chapter IV.

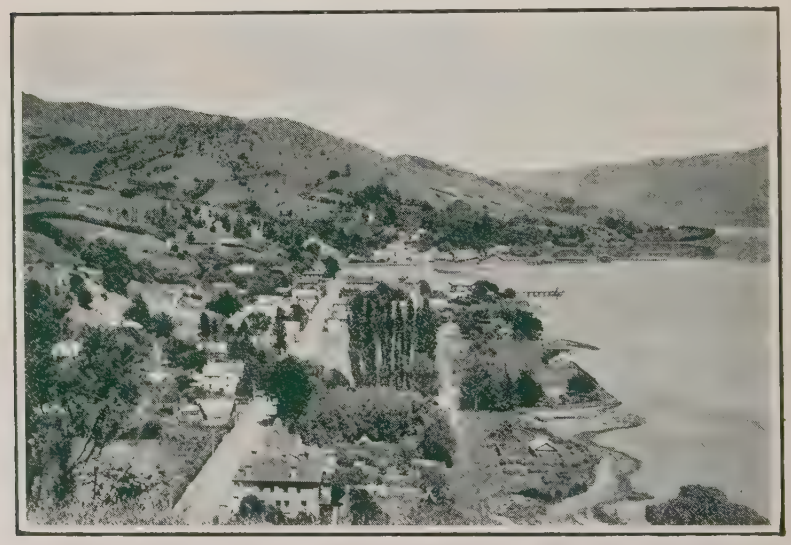
BANKS PENINSULA AND AKAROA.

THE great knob-like volcanic upjut of Banks Peninsula, a system of ancient fire-peaks and bold ranges, with bays running up between the hills as between fingers on some vast hand, is the most remarkable and conjecture-provoking feature of Canterbury's physiography. It is little wonder that Captain Cook described it as an island, for from the ocean it certainly carries that appearance, lifting suddenly as it does in a mass of peaks and steep slopes radiating to the sea, in complete contrast to the billiard-table-like plains. The Port Hills are the northern rim of this enormous nest of old volcanoes, and Lyttelton Harbour, Pigeon Bay, Akaroa Harbour and many minor indents, fill the long hollows, here and there with a fiord-like suggestion, between the fire-fused cliffs and the quick upthrusts of green land. A very beautiful and fertile land this region of ancient lava cones and bold-cut plugs that once were the cores of volcanoes. The decomposition of the rhyolite crests and slopes has produced the richest of soil, and the hills of Banks Peninsula to-day are covered with farms and with homesteads picturesquely placed. The landscapes are wonderfully varied as the traveller mounts to the backbone range of the Peninsula on his way to the old Anglo-French town hidden away on the green shores of the long harbour. The greatly broken land, with its upthrust black tors and crags of lava rock, its cascading streams and its little woods, looks a place of legendry and romance, and indeed many a chapter could be filled with the curious Maori folk-talk and the tales of the adventurous early days associated with these dramatically-set hills and the bays and beaches far below.



Map of Banks Peninsula and Akaroa.

To reach Akaroa town from Christchurch one may take the train to Little River (36 miles) and then transfer to a car for the hill journey, or motor the whole way from the city, a distance of 56 miles. The latter method is the pleasanter and more expeditious. Skirting the reedy shores of Lake Ellesmere, a great lagoon alive with wild duck and swan, and then the deeper waters of Wairewa or Lake Forsyth, the road



The Town of Akaroa [*J. L. Buckland, photo*

enters the hills near the Little River township, and crossing the divide at Hilltop descends more than a thousand feet in boldly engineered slants to the head of Akaroa Harbour at Barry's Bay and Duvauchelles. From here it is an up-and-down run through a green country of hills, farmsteads, and *ngaio* groves to the historic little town of Akaroa on the east side of its long blue arm of the sea.

* * * * * * *

A honey-coloured sickle of a moon, standing on edge, is near its setting over the tip of French Peak, a moon hazed by the wispiest mists that are part bush

smoke and part, perhaps, the fog of faery which hangs about the high places of Banks Peninsula. The bright paths woven by the moon rays on the water stretch almost to our feet, where we sit under the twisting old *ngaio* tree on the south town-end. Not far away the line of lights at the baths goes out into the harbour, and the water is lively with young Akaroa this soft warm evening. Across the harbour, two miles away,

Mt. Brazenose, Akaroa. [*J. L. Buckland, photo*

one solitary light twinkles on the Opukutahi shore; a Maori flounder-fisher perhaps at his night's work, but, as like as not, if you indulge your Peter Pan fancy, one of the olden *patu-paiarehe,* the little fairy tribe with whom the ancients peopled the craggy heights and the misty corries about the harbour-circling ranges. These fairy folk of the mountains and the bush chose just such still mystic evenings, say the old people of Ngai-Tahu, for their excursions to the shore, and then it was wise to leave them unmolested at their fish-spearing. The magic-breathing veil of thinnest haze

seems to leave but one peak sharp and clear, old Bossu's black lava knob, embossed like a great button against the south-western sky. Behind the beach-side town, sleeping in its trees and flowers, the ranges rise into mist-wrapped pinnacles, and the tomahawk-sharp face of Brazenose is cut off midway by a level band of fog that almost seems a blanket of snow, it lies so straightly. Scents of flower and fruit come from the gardens and orchards; this night of lazy summer warmth there is an almost tropic richness of perfume in these seaside lanes, where honeysuckle and roses trail along the fences and ripening apricots and apples hang confidingly over the footpath. Such a summer night at Akaroa remains in the memory as a dream of romantic suggestion; this romantic-seeming flavour of holiday life on the Peninsula is not dissipated by the light of day.

* * * * * * *

In the storied town there is a dovetailing of the old and the new, antique suggestions and relics and down-to-date necessities of civilised existence. No town of its size in the Dominion is so well furnished with what may be termed public utilities—good municipal water supply, electric light, drainage, public baths. But side by side with these conveniences of life and with the speeded-up motor communications which now place Akaroa within three hours of Cathedral Square, there is all the solace of a restful old place, of plentiful shade and fruit and flower and bird-song and running water, brooded upon by the most wonderfully tossed and scarped mountains, and quick with memories of adventure and of rivalry between the two parent nations. The names and the recollections of the French settlement in 1840 give the town and its hills something of this quality of romance. It is curious to remember that a duel—a harmless one, however—was fought in Lavaud Street by two peppery officers from the warship "Le Rhin." And Jolie Street and Balguerie Street are preferable to some other specimens of

Akaroa in spring-time [*J. L. Buckland, photo*]

street nomenclature that will occur to most of us.* The little many-gabled houses in the older streets, with their tiny upper stories and their doll-house windows; the huge old eucalyptus and pears and walnut trees, the copses of nut hazels; the generous reserves, public and private, of native bush even in the heart of the town, are all elements in the making of Akaroa's peculiar charm. This above all places is the home of birds. The *makomako*, or bell-bird, and the *tui* delight us with their fluty gurgles and their bell notes, "the essence of pure sound." In your room in the hotel you may listen to a pair of *tui* "ko-ko"-ing it, as the Maoris have it, on the gum trees or in the *ngaio* groves; and in the Domain, with its mingling of native and exotic trees you may lie at your ease and listen to the beautiful birds all day long if you like.

There is an Akaroa Valley that comes twisting down from the blue range of broken lava summits behind the town which may be chosen for a long day's ramble because it is, for one thing, the readiest way to the top of the mountain rim eastward, and, for another, peculiarly rich in typical pictures of Peninsula scenery. Three green mountain valleys converge on the bay: the Oinaka, or Grehan's Valley, on the north; the Wai-iti, in mid-bay, and the Pa-kai-ariki, generally known as Newton's Valley, on the south. Down each of these well-wooded depressions flows a little river; that to the north long ago turned a flour-mill wheel, and the central one now provides the town with its water supply and electric light; the southern stream is the one which comes stealing down under the acacias and tall *manuka* at Mr. Etienne LeLievre's waterside home. These stony-bedded creeks, fed by innumerable streamlets and springs in the ranges, descend many hundreds of feet in three or four miles, cascading down through copses of light timber to the

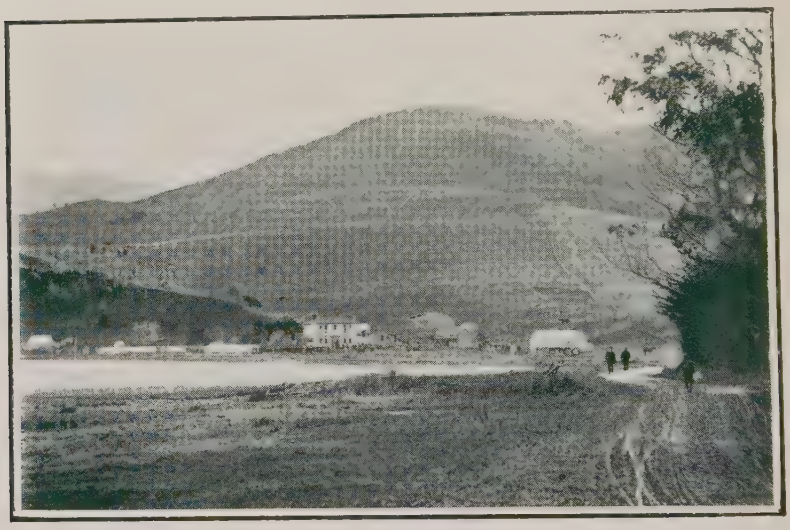
*The visitor should read the late H. C. Jacobson's "Tales of Banks Peninsula," written and printed in Akaroa. It is a book of peculiar interest, full of local topographical, historic and legendary lore, with many curious reminiscences of the first English and French settlers. Miss B. E. Baughan, too, has written much of the charm of Akaroa, in prose and verse.

town orchards where homes stand half-buried in their trees and flowers. The central stream enters the town in Balguerie Street; it comes wandering down companionably with that beautiful old road of foliage and fruity fragrance and flower scents, sometimes hidden under masses of clematis-twined native and *pakeha* shrubbery, where peaches and apricots hang ripening above the waterway, sometimes opening out in little rocky pools. The Wai-iti here fits its name, "Little

Memorial Point, Akaroa. (Where the British flag was hoisted in 1840.) [*J. L. Buckland, photo*

River," for its flow has been diminished by the waterworks intake a mile above the town limits; but, follow the road upwards along the valley to the Stony Bay Saddle, and you will find it at two or three miles above the Bay a lively stream enough, clattering down in some volume. This is the road we take, companioning the stream to the shoulders of the range-rim that curves crescent-wise from Piki-o-te Aki on the north to the jutting eyebrows of craggy Brazenose above Akaroa town to the south. That range, the divide between the harbour basin and the ocean side, has an average height of something over two thousand feet and springs into rocky peaks of bold and often fantastic outline 2,600 feet

and more. Our Stony Bay Road, the continuation of Balguerie Street mountainwards, crosses the divide at an altitude of at least 2,000 feet, but so gradual is the ascent, winding about among the farms and groves, corkscrewing this way and that, that the climber scarcely feels the burden of the pilgrimage until the last rather steep pinch comes under the northernmost dark castle rocks of the peak that the early French map-makers named Mount Berard. It



Duvauchelles, Akaroa. [*J. L. Buckland, photo*

is a road for a leisurely picnic climb ; the motor-car folk know it not, for the upper parts are over-rough for anything but the dairy farmer's sledge.

Aka-roa means " Long Harbour " ; it is the southern, or Ngai-Tahu, equivalent of the northern Whanga-roa. Whaka-roa it was originally. There is no lack of means for exploring the nine-mile-long haven ; smart power launches are numerous, and Akaroa is seldom without one or more of these white-painted craft cutting through its sky-blue waters. Cruising down the harbour we draw abreast of Memorial Point, the site of the olden Maori village of Takapunake,

and memories come of the infamous Captain Stewart and his kidnapping brig, "Elizabeth," aboard which Te Rauparaha enticed his enemy, the high chief Tamaiharanui, a deed of treacherous cunning followed by the massacre of the unsuspicious people of the bay; that was some ninety years ago. We pass in quick succession wooded valleys and rocky promontories, with well-grassed fields spreading high above to the lava cores of the old volcanoes. Onuku, a little Maori *kainga*, sleeps in a bay of shade and flowers; its few dwellings and its tiny old-fashioned church, dating back to the days of the Rev. Stack, are half-hidden among their trees and roses. Far above, little wisps of vapour swim about the dark crags of spirit-peopled Otehore, and Onuku, as quiet as can be, seems to lie under the spell of faery.

As we open out the heads the scenery becomes much bolder. There is a Gibraltar of rhyolite lava, 400 or 500 feet high, close on our port hand; a sheer wall of black and glistening rock, shining in places with the trickle of water-runnels, draped in other places with vivid moss and tenaciously rooted shrubs. On the inner or northern side of the great rock is a deep, steep-sided gully, apparently inaccessible from the sea, a wild little garden of sub-tropic palms; this is Nikau Palm Gully, and it is worth a closer exploration, for it is the southernmost limit of the *nikau*. So thick and close is the vegetation in this well-sunken natural park that the Maoris called it Te Rako, in allusion to the density of the palms and shrubs through which it was difficult to force a way. A little mountain stream slips through the ravine and drops in a silver thread down a dark rock-face.

Lofty weathered cliffs stretch seaward, their bases worn full of caves and strange arched grottoes, in which the sea rumbles and thunders, spouting through countless crevices in snowy jets of foam. The water is very deep, and we can sail close in to the cliffs. On our port hand as we reach the open sea is the promontory on which the lighthouse stands, 270 feet

above sea level; above the wind-swept land lifts into tussocky hills. The nearest part of this rocky height is grotesquely mapped as "Trueni Point";

Nikau Palm Gully (Te Rako), Akaroa. [*J. L. Buckland, photo*

the name is a corruption of "Te Ruahine." Several generations ago a venerable chief-woman, a "wise woman" or "ruahine," named Raukura, lived alone in her little *whare* at that solitary spot, like Scott's

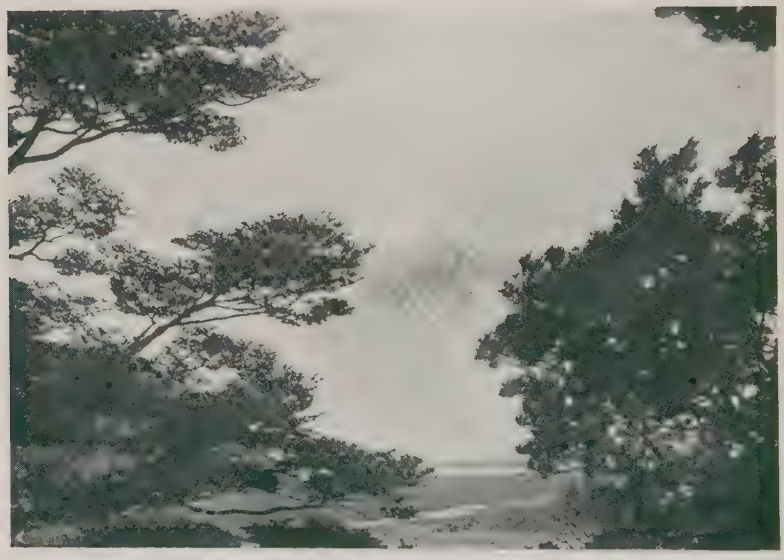
Norna of the Fitful Head, and so the place was named. The opposite head, Timutimu, about a mile away, is one huge rock over five hundred feet high, with every foot of its straight front telling the story of its fiery birth. It is composed of layers of black lava rock and solidified volcanic ash and rubble, in alternate strata clearly defined in straight-ruled bands of variant colour. The softer portions of the lower crater side

Wainui Bay, Akaroa Harbour. [*J. L. Buckland, photo*

are worn into curiously carved forms by ages of storm and dash of sea.

Returning, up the west side of the harbour, and rounding the stony headland of Cape Three Points a scene of pastoral beauty is opened out, the fan-shaped green valley of Wainui, with its homesteads, its fields white for the cocksfoot grass seed harvest, its clumps of native timber shading the little hill-born creeks. Very peaceful is this valley folded in the hills, curving down from the green saddle two thousand feet above. Other enticing bays and baylets, Tikao Bay, Petit

Carenage—an old-time "heave-down" of the French ships; French Farm, with its plantations and farm steadings; and then, commanding the harbour head with its pear-shaped promontory, the peninsula of Onawe of dark memory, where the dairy farmer grazes his cows over the trenched and parapeted lines of an ancient battle-ground.



The Liebig Range, Southern Alps, looking across the Tasman Valley.

Chapter V.

THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

Peaks and Glaciers of the Aorangi Zone

THE backbone of the South Island, the perpetually ice-clad chain of the Southern Alps, extends for more than 300 miles, rising to its supreme height in Aorangi, or Mt. Cook, 12,349 feet. This king peak of the range with its neighbouring mountain-crests—there are a dozen companion peaks more than 10,000 feet in height—form the greatest alpine park in these southern lands, and have for many years attracted climbers and scientific visitors from overseas. The Aorangi group of mountains has been made easily accessible in recent years, and the Government has provided an excellent hotel, the Mt. Cook "Hermitage," in the heart of the grandest scenery in the chain and close to the peaks and glaciers. The "Hermitage" is reached by rail and motor-road from Timaru, on the Christchurch—Dunedin railway; the branch line from Timaru terminates at Fairlie (39 miles), thence there is a motor-car run of 104 miles; or the whole distance may be done by car from Timaru—this in fact is preferable to the combined railway and motor journey. The traveller returning from the "Hermitage" may take an alternative route to Lake Wakatipu by motoring via Pukaki, Lindis Pass, and Pembroke (Lake Wanaka) to Queenstown, on the shores of Wakatipu. This trip takes two days. From Wakatipu rail to Dunedin or Invercargill; or rail and coach to Lakes Manapouri and Te Anau, on the overland route to Milford Sound.

The month of December is the best time for seeing the wealth of mountain flora in the Aorangi region. The peaks are in the best condition for climbing from December to February. A mid-winter ascent of Aorangi, however, was made in 1923.

The car route as far as Fairlie is without special interest until Burke's Pass (2,500 feet) is reached, ascending by gentle gradients from the plain. From the breezy summit of the Pass there is a wide view of the celebrated Mackenzie Country, an extensive rolling plain devoted to sheep-grazing, and divided into a number of large pastoral runs. The pioneer of this great mountain-girt plateau was one "Jock" Mackenzie, a Highland shepherd who carried to the new land the reiving instincts of a Rob Roy or a Border moss-trooper. About the year 1850 his adventurous wanderings led him far inland, and he was the first white man who travelled through this Pass. His sole companions were his collie dog and a pack bullock, which carried his camp gear and his bag of oatmeal. Mackenzie saw that the plain which lay between the Pass and the Alps had great possibilities as a sheep country, and returning to civilisation he obtained a Government license to occupy this then unknown land, and proceeded to stock it in his own peculiar fashion. In 1855 with his dog he cut out a mob of about a thousand sheep from the flocks on Messrs. Rhodes' run, "The Levels," and drove them up into the promised land. When the stolen sheep were missed, Mackenzie was tracked and arrested, and sentenced to several years' hard labour in Lyttelton Gaol. He made repeated escapes, and was at last pardoned and shipped off to Australia. The new region he discovered received his name, and was soon taken up by squatters who acquired their flocks in a more legitimate fashion.

Just beyond the Burke's Pass summit, we have the first clear view of the Southern Alps, the lower ranges plentifully bepowdered with snow, the distant icy peaks glittering in a far-stretching serrated line. At our feet are the brown and green downs, sweeping away to the great glacial lakes, and showing little signs of man's presence save the infrequent sheep-stations. At 26 miles Lake Takapo (popularly misspelled Tekapo) is crossed where an icy opalescent

Homestead on the Braemar Sheep Station, Mackenzie Country. [*Havelock Williams, photo*

river rushes out. Takapo is a typical glacial lake. It is 15 miles in length by about 3 miles in width; altitude 2,321 feet. In the neighbourhood is Lake Alexandrina, which is not seen from the motor road. Into the head of Takapo run the Godley, Cass, and other alpine streams; the source of the first-named is the Godley Glacier. Ice-fed lakes are not generally beautiful, owing to the opaque milky-blue colour of their sediment-charged waters, but Takapo is a

[*C. Beken, photo*

Mt. Cook and other main peaks of the Southern Alps, from the foot of Lake Pukaki.

pleasant sight on a calm and sunny day, stretching away unruffled and glassy-smooth to the great grey and purple hills. The next section is from Takapo to Pukaki, 30 miles. The Forks River is crossed, Balmoral sheep-station is skirted on the right, "The Wolds" homestead on the left, and the Maryburn stream is forded. After a long and generally level run for some miles over an olden glacial bed—covered deep in snow every winter—we ascend easily to the summit of Simon's Pass, and look down upon a wide

[*Havelock Williams, photo*

The rolling tussock downs, Mackenzie Country, on the way to Mt. Cook.

[*Havelock Williams, photo*

Highland Cattle, Braemar Station, Mackenzie Country.

and varied panorama of mountain, hill, and plain. Just below us, where the road strikes the levels again, is a picture of unexpected verdant beauty—an oasis in the desert of tussock. A pretty homestead bedded in leafy groves, tall plantations and green orchards and clover-fields, and a silvery stream winding down from its hillside spring. This is the Simon's Pass station, a good type of the homes of the upland wool-growers. A few miles further on we ascend the saddle of Dover's Pass. Lake Pukaki, ice-fed and milky-blue, stretches away from our feet. At its far end the alpine giants soar ten, eleven, and twelve thousand feet into the sky, uplifting pyramids of ice to the heavens. Noblest of all is Aorangi's gabled peak, which from here presents the semblance of a great silver tent. A wide land and a lonely is around us, where the Mackenzie country sweeps to the Upper Waitaki Plains, watered by several great glacial rivers that presently merge into one, the Waitaki, the Punjab of the Wai-pounamu. The Pukaki township and hotel are situated at the southern end of the Lake, where the icy Pukaki River rushes out seawards.

At Pukaki a road 63 miles in length diverges to Kurow (Kohurau) railway station 42 miles inland from Oamaru. Nearly half-way on this coach-route is the Omarama accommodation house, where a road turns off southward to Lakes Hawea, Wanaka and Wakatipu, via the Lindis Pass.

Should the traveller make a night's stay at Pukaki he will enjoy a glorious early morning picture, looking up the lake to the mountains. The long lake spreads away in a sheet of glassy silvery blue, and the alpine peaks stand out in glittering outline at its head. Aorangi soars supreme, its jagged pyramid of flashing ice rising seemingly from the very head of the lake, although it is fully twenty miles air-line beyond the waters of Pukaki. Sharply notched against the stainless blue lift the great white mountains; their feet are lost in the tenderest of purple mists, giving the ivory peaks the appearance of majestic icebergs rising from

a magic sea. The speckless blue heavens, just beginning to glow with the fire of an unclouded sun, and the grey and violet foothills and the soaring summits of the divide all mirrored in the unrippled surface of the lake, form a picture of unforgettable beauty. Pukaki's waters are really of a dull and turbid hue, and the ice-peaks are dimmed in the noon-day glare, but the picture that remains with one fortunate enough to see it is the memory of the first vista mountainwards,

Liebig Range Sebastopol Shoulder

The Mt. Cook Hermitage, at the base of the Sealy Range. [*H. C. Peart, photo*

with the calm lake glorified by the crystal morning light.

Crossing the Pukaki River, the road to the Alps winds through the low tussock-clad hills for some distance, passing on the left the Rhoboro' Downs sheep station. Then the lake is skirted to its head, with the snow-powdered range of Ben Ohau high on the left. The head of the lake merges into a swampy plain, built up by the silt washed down in enormous volume from the glaciers. Here the Tasman River, springing from the terminal face of the greatest

glacier in the Alps, discharges its waters into the lake after a torrential course of twenty miles, forming a marshy delta about four miles wide. This tundra was anciently covered with ice; now the many-armed Tasman rushes through it in an erratic network of streams, sometimes fordable but after floods or hot weather in the mountains pouring down over their wide beds in raging irresistible volume, bearing with

[*W. A. Kennedy, photo*
Union of the Tasman and Hooker Valleys, Sebastopol Spur, and the Sealy Range, Mt. Cook Hermitage.

them boulders and miniature icebergs, and threatening death to man and beast. The motor road does not cross the Tasman, but the perilous fords are frequently taken as a short cut by wool waggons. Grey duck and *putangitangi* or paradise duck abound in the creeks, and it is amusing to watch the serene self-complacent way in which they sail down over the rapids, with never a feather ruffled by the tossing waters.

The gently undulating country over which we drive at the range foot is dotted with *rochés moutonnées*

and ice-borne boulders. Now the lofty mountains of the Liebig Range rear their huge forms ahead of us, just across the Tasman, culminating in the Nun's Veil (8,975 feet). Most savage of all is Mt. Blackburn, locally known as "Rotten Tommy," an immense craggy pile of crumbling rock, soaring nearly 8,000 feet into the sky, its razorback *arêtes* bristling with those jagged stony pinnacles which alpinists call *gendarmes*. On our left sweeps down the Sealy Range. Then suddenly comes agreeable relief from the hot afternoon sunshine. The Ben Ohau Range ends abruptly in an enormous precipice, and we drive into the grateful shade of "a great rock in a weary land." This is Sebastopol, an ice-worn rock face rising vertically at least a thousand feet above us, and sloping steeply up therefrom for more than another thousand; a parapeted stronghold of the mountain Titans. We round the bluff, and pass a sharply sloping talus buttressing the giant wall, and pull up at the "Hermitage," a large and comfortable place of stay set on a fine terrace under the flank of the Sealy Range.

The "Hermitage" has been leased by the Government to the Mt. Cook Motor Company, of Timaru, which is making special efforts to popularise the place all the year round. It is now kept open throughout the winter, instead of being closed for half the year, as was the practice in the past, and winter snow sports such as ski-ing and tobogganing attract many visitors.

The Aorangi Peaks and Glaciers.

The chief peaks of over 10,000 feet in height within the view of the alpinist from the various commanding positions near the "Hermitage" are the following:—

Aorangi (Cook)	12,349 ft.	Malte Brun	10,421 ft.
Tasman	11,467 ,,	Sefton	10,354 ,,
Hector (Dampier)	11,282 ,,	Elie de Beaumont	10,200 ,,
Silberhorn	10,833 ,,	Douglas (Glacier Peak)	10,107 ,,
Lendenfeld	10,498 ,,	La Perouse	10,101 ,,
Roberts	10,487 ,,	Haidinger	10,059 ,,
David's Dome	10,443 ,,	The Minarets	10,058 ,,

The enormous amount of glacier surface and glacier action is one of the most remarkable features of the chain. The largest of the glaciers, the Tasman, covers an area of about 14,000 acres, and is 18 miles in length, and over 2 miles in width—larger than any in the Swiss Alps. The principal glacier systems in this central section of the Southern Alps, eastern slope, are (1) the Tasman, bounded on the West by Mt. Cook, De la Beche and adjacent ranges, and on

Aorangi, from the Hooker Valley.

the east by the Malte Brun and the Liebig Ranges; (2) the Hooker Glacier ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and over half a mile in width) flowing down between the Mt. Cook and the Moorhouse Ranges; (3) the Mueller Glacier, (8 miles long and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide), flowing down from the main range and curving into the Hooker Valley between Mt. Sefton and the northern corner of the Sealy Range; (4) the Murchison Glacier, (11 miles long and 1 mile wide), lying east of the Tasman and divided from it by the Malte Brun Range; (5) the Godley Glacier (8 miles long and $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide), north of the Murchison. The first four glacier systems

all send their waters down into Lake Pukaki; the Godley is the main feeder of Lake Takapo. On the western slope of the range are numerous large glaciers; the principal are the Franz Josef (8½ miles) and the Fox (9¾ miles), remarkable because of the low level to which they descend, and the beautiful and luxuriant vegetation which grows up to and around their terminal faces.

[*W. A. Kennedy, photo*

Celmisia, Mountain Daisy, near the "Hermitage."

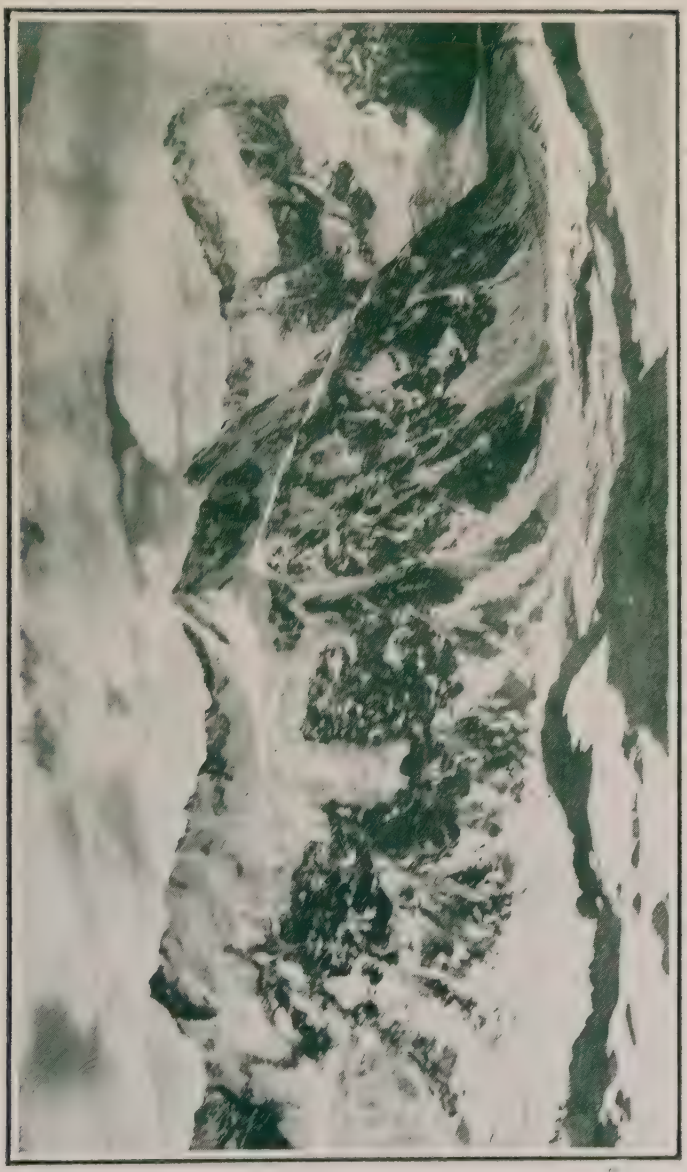
The five principal glaciers named on the eastern slopes in and around the Aorangi zone, cover an aggregate area of over 31,000 acres. The ice which thus finds an outlet is drawn from *névés* (ice-fields and snow-fields) covering some 65,000 acres.

The New Zealand glaciers are more easily approached than those of the Alps of Switzerland. A Swiss scientist who visited the Mt. Cook district remarked: "The first thing that strikes the European mountaineer is the ease with which he can approach and mount the glaciers on their inferior parts. The cyclist can ride to within a few hundred feet of the glacier foot." The glaciated portion of the New

Zealand Alps, however, is more uniformly steep than the Swiss mountains. Another remarkable feature which has struck European alpinists who have visited New Zealand is the enormous extent of the moraine deposits carried by the glaciers; a peculiarity of the Southern mountains is their advanced stage of weather worn ness. The mountains in the Aorangi zone are chiefly sandstone and slate formation.

Aorangi, from the South R[illegible]

The rate of movement of the glacier ice varies at different points. Mr. T. N. Brodrick, of the New Zealand Survey Department, made observations in 1890 on the Tasman, Hooker, Mueller, and Murchison Glaciers, setting lines and rods across the ice, and noting their movements in a given number of days. The average daily rate of movement of the Tasman ice near the foot of the Ball Glacier was found to vary from 0.9 inches to 18 inches at various spots; from the point of the Malte Brun Spur below the present alpine hut on that mountain, it ranged from 2.4 inches to 13.3 inches per day. The Hooker Glacier



was slower, showing a downward movement of from 1 to 5.4 inches per day. The Mueller ice was found to move at the rate of from 3 to 12 inches per day, and the Murchison from half an inch to 8 inches. In his report to the Survey Department embodying the results of his glacier observations Mr. Brodrick remarked with regard to the Mueller, that accepting the mean annual rate of the stones on the ice surface as a fair basis for determining the speed of the glacier (a mile in 26 years), "the snow which forms the most northerly portion of the terminal ice fell 80 years ago ; that at the middle might vary between 180 and 200 years, but none of it would be under 100 years old. The most northerly portion would be between 100 and 130 years old." As an illustration of the magnitude of the ancient glaciers and the time they must have occupied the great Tasman Valley, Mr. Brodrick said that at the same rate of speed as the Mueller, the glaciers which formed the moraine south of Lake Pukaki must have taken eight hundred years to carry a stone from the present terminal face of the Tasman to that place.

The traveller who makes extended expeditions up the valley and over the mountains will find the wild-bird life full of interest. Most remarkable of all the feathered creatures in these alpine and sub-alpine regions is the *kea*, or mountain parrot (Nestor notabilis), whose melancholy cry from which its name is taken——" Kay-ah, Kay-ah ! "—is heard in the most remote wastes of rock and ice. The *kea* bears the reputation of being a sheep killer, and is on that account the outlawed of squatterdom. In some of the pastoral districts it attacks sheep and lambs, and settling on their backs digs into their vitals with its sharp curved beak in search of the kidney fat for which it has acquired a taste. However, it is hardly fair to condemn all the *kea* tribe for the carnivorous crimes of some of its members. The mountain-*kea* is a sociable, fun-loving bird, and will sometimes follow an alpinist for long distances over the glaciers and snowy crags.

When the Alpine huts were first erected in the Tasman Valley, flocks of *kea* diverted themselves in the early morning by noisily sliding down the iron roofs, screaming and chattering vociferously. They kept up the game for hours, and evidently looked upon the huts with their shining roofs as a new kind of amusement specially provided for the *kea* tribe, and loud and shrill were their expressions of disgust when the

Mount Cook.

[*Havelock Williams, photo*

The Kea.

inmates of the huts emerged in hot anger to hurl projectiles at them. Another interesting native bird is that inveterate pilferer the *weka* (ocydromus australis). The *weka* is a wingless bird, grey-brown in colour, about the size of an ordinary fowl, and is often called the wood-hen, or "Maori-hen." "As cunning as a Maori-hen" is a familiar New Zealand bush simile. The *weka* is a source of endless diversion to the camper-out, with his perky walk, his cute beady little eyes, and his impudent fashion of looking

boldly into your face and endeavouring to distract your attention while some of his graceless relations make off with the knives and spoons and tin cups, sardine tins, or anything else that may happen to catch their eyes. Of singing birds the *tui* and bell-bird (*makomako*) are the chief. Wood-pigeons (*kukupa*)

The Moorhouse Range, from the Hooker River. [*Dr. Teichelmann, photo*

and *kaka* parrots are found in the forests and thickets (chiefly on the western side of the range), and the handsome paradise-duck (*putangitangi*) and blue mountain duck (*whio*) are numerous in the streams and lakes.

Excursions from the "Hermitage."

To Kea Point and Mueller Glacier.

For visitors who do not feel inclined to go mountaineering there is an easy walk to Kea Point and the Mueller Glacier. The turbid Mueller stream dashes out of a huge ice-cave at the terminal face, 2,516

feet above sea level. The glacier may be crossed at any point above this. The track to Kea Point skirts the moraine under the shadow of the Sealy Range, and at the Point there is a magnificent view of the avalanches falling from Mt. Sefton. The walk may be extended across the Glacier to the foot of the Stocking Glacier, which descends from the Footstool (9,073 feet), Sefton's great north-eastern buttress. If time and one's energies permit, the Mueller may be traversed to the northern side, and the return journey made by way of the Hooker Valley and suspension bridge. The trip can be done in about four hours; but a long day may be spent on and around the glacier.

Another one-day walk is to Kea Point, thence crossing and recrossing the Mueller Glacier, then over the Sealy Range and back to the "Hermitage." This is an easy trip occupying about 8 hours, and traversing a magnificent region of ice and crag.

To the Head of Mueller Glacier.

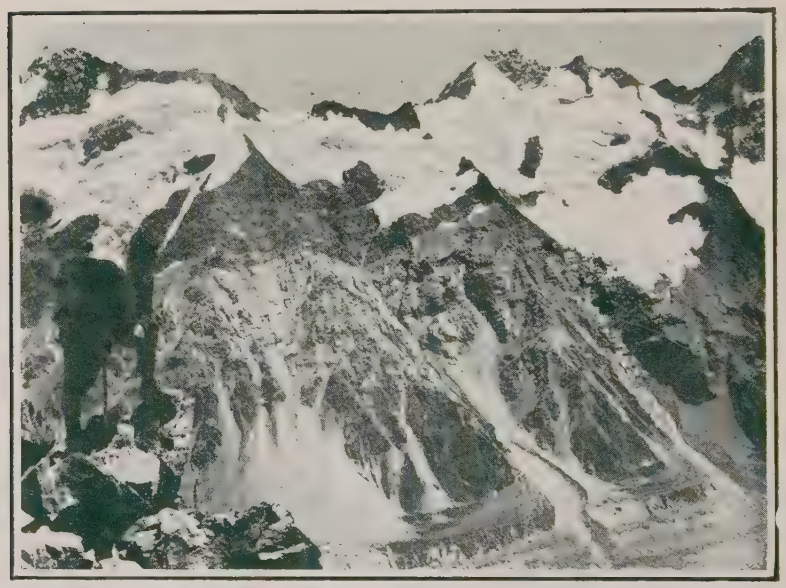
For those who like a longer ice-journey there is a very fine glacial excursion to the head of the Mueller Glacier, about 8 miles from the "Hermitage." The traveller takes to the ice at the western point of the Sealy Range. The Metelille Glacier, descending in a grand ice-fall from near the top of Mt. Sealy, is passed on the left, and a number of other beautiful subsidiary glaciers—the Milo, the Welchman, Sladden and Williams—are closely viewed. On the flanks of Maunga-ma ("White Mountain") high on the right, lies a glacier named Nga-Kanohi ("the Eyes"). The ice from this falls over high cliffs on to the surface of the Mueller, and there is a waterfall which has been named Nga-roimata ("Tear-Drops") descending from Nga-Kanohi. Barron's Saddle, the head of the Mueller glacier, has an altitude of about 6,600 feet. On the other side is the Valley of the Dobson, with Lake Ohau showing in the distance. The ice of the upper part of the Mueller is very smooth, and the crevasses

are narrow and do not give any trouble. There is a hut for campers near the head of the Mueller.

The Sealy Range and the Avalanches of Sefton.

Finest of all the short excursions is a climb to the terminal of the Sealy Range opposite Mt. Sefton. The climb is steep, up a mountain side covered with

Copland Pass.



[*W. A. Kennedy, photo*

The Copland Pass to Westland, from Mt. Kinsey, looking across the Hooker Glacier.

alpine vegetation. The flowering *koromiko* (veronica) and the turpentine plant—the latter invaluable to the camper-out because it burns well even when green—are two of the most plentiful shrubs. A halt is made at a pretty tarn, 2,000 feet above the valley. After lunch here the walk is continued to the top of the ridge, ploughing through snow-patches here and there (these afford fine glissades on the return journey), and working along the narrow rocky summit until we reach the extreme end of the Range on "Inspiration

Point " (5,750 feet). Here on the verge of a tremendous chasm the climber gazes on a dazzling alpine panorama. Glaciers are blazing all round ; ice-cataracts descending in points of fiery light into the deep winding valley ; waterfalls gleaming in the sun ; ice-fed streams tearing down the rocky slopes. And towering into the glowing sky are the ice-sheathed peaks—mountains upon mountains, ice-fields upon ice-fields—all bathed in a brilliant dancing light, an intense burning whiteness which only alpine climbers know.

Directly opposite—$1\frac{3}{4}$ miles away, but seemingly not more than half a mile—is the peak of Sefton, with its ice-hung shoulders and its dark precipices. Sefton is the topmost peak of the Moorhouse Range, and is on the main alpine range, which stretches away to right and left in a glittering chain. Up on the left the Mueller glacier comes curving down from the great central *névé*, receiving glacial contributions from both sides, until it sweeps directly below, an enormous white serpentine, blue-crevassed, spotted here and there with patches of dark moraine. South-west, on the other side of the Mueller, is the noble burnished ice-cap over 8,000 feet in height which the surveyors have fittingly named Maunga-ma (" White Mountain "). Nearly opposite Maunga-ma is the largest of the Mueller's tributary glaciers, the Metelille, descending steeply from Mt. Sealy. Turning to the right the vision traverses a succession of peaks and glaciers, with Aorangi shining grandly king of all. From here the wonderfully knife-sharp main southern *arête* of Aorangi is particularly striking, mounting in a series of jagged stairs to the final tented peak. From foot to summit the gigantic pyramid lies bare to the eye. Round its base flows a great glacier equalling the Mueller in size, with the feeding glaciers descending in twinkling streams from between Aorangi's rocky ridges, and sweeping down until its clear ice is lost in a dark rubble of morainic debris, from which issues a foaming torrent—the Hooker River, more than 3,000 feet below the viewpoint.

Due east the Mt. Cook range ends abruptly in the peak of Mt. Wakefield (6,561 feet) dropping in precipitous slants of bare rock and steep fans of mountain debris. This is the Kirikiri-Katata of the Ngai-Tahu Maoris.* Further down the valley the silver line of the Hooker River joins the shining network of the Tasman streams, and in bold and craggy outline beyond the glacial waters are the broken summits of the Liebig Range.

Mt. Sefton. The Footstool.

[*Havelock Williams, photo.*

A ski-party on Sealy Range. Mt. Sefton at back, Mueller Glacier in between.

Mt. Sefton is hardly inferior to Aorangi in grandeur, and is even more difficult to scale. Its conquerors were Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald the English alpinist, and his Swiss guide, Zurbriggen, who climbed the mountain on February 14th, 1895. Mr. Fitzgerald's book on the New Zealand Alps contains a thrilling narrative

*Old Maoris of Ngai-Tahu, the last of the wise men of the South Island, gave me many years ago the origin of some of these Alpine place-names. Aorangi embodies a reminiscence of the South Sea fatherland of the Maori, for there is a high mountain named Aora'i (=Aorangi) in Tahiti, Society Islands. Aorangi also was the name of one of the chiefs who arrived in the South Island from the traditional Hawaiki in the canoe "Ara-i-te uru," which was wrecked near Moeraki. Two other immigrants by this Polynesian sailing-craft were Kirikiri-Katata and Aroaro-Kaihe. The former name was given by the explorers to the terminal of the Mount Cook range, and the name Aroaro-Kaihe was bestowed on one of the icy peaks of Aorangi. The peak now known as Mt. Tasman was at the same time named Horo-Koau. Aorangi was the name usually applied to Mt. Cook by the West Coast Maoris; those on the eastern plain generally called the Cook Range Kirikiri-Katata. Although said to be originally a personal name, it is significant that these words can be used to denote a fissured or cracked mountain-side of gravel, which would exactly describe the deeply-eroded couloir-riven end of the Cook Range as seen from the Tasman Valley.

of his adventures on Sefton. He had a narrow escape through being struck by a falling boulder while working across an almost perpendicular rock-face. On the western side of the saddle between the Footstool and Sefton there is a tremendous precipice, dropping some 5,000 ft. sheer to the Copland Valley. Mt. Sefton was named after Mr. Sefton Moorhouse, one-time Superintendent of the Province of Canterbury (whose surname has been given to the range of which Sefton is the culminating point).

There is, too, the ascent to the summit of Mt. Sealy (8,631 feet), from the rear of the "Hermitage."

The Hooker Valley.

The most beautiful walking (as opposed to climbing) route in the whole of the Alpine region is the track which leads up the Hooker Valley in the direction of Aorangi. The wealth of mountain-flowers in the spring season is one of the charms of a stroll along the lateral moraine of the Hooker, and there are innumerable good picnicking spots in Nature's wild gardens by the side of some blue pool or rippling mountain stream. An easy day's excursion by this route is to the snow-filled couloirs which give access to the Ball Pass (on the Cook Range), about six miles from the "Hermitage." The walk may be extended another two miles up the Hooker Glacier to the foot of the Empress ice-fall, descending from the heights of Aorangi. There is a hut for campers up the Valley.

The Hooker River, flowing past the back of the "Hermitage," is crossed by a wire suspension bridge. Beyond the bridge the narrow track is for some distance cut out of the face of the cliff, with the river coursing madly down over its boulders below on the left sometimes rolling along great blocks of ice from the glacier face and the mountain walls rising precipitously for thousands of feet above on the right. Across the roaring river is a confusion of moraine

mounds and ice-hills, and high beyond gleam the hanging glaciers of Sefton. Some of the heaps of moraine which separate the Hooker and Mueller Glaciers are 200 and 300 feet in height, and the Mueller ice terminal face is forced by the tremendous pressure into immense broken piles, like miniature mountain-peaks, all coated with the dark debris of the alpine rocks. Right opposite our track are the ice-caves of the Mueller face, shadowy caverns overhung by cliffs of green ice showing through the morainic dirt. Out of the central cave a river rushes to swell the Hooker torrent. The valley now opens out and the track enters the zone of the alpine meadow vegetation.

There are miles of mountain flowers and blossoming shrubs, seen at their best in the month of December. Most abundant are the giant alpine buttercup (Ranunculus Lyalli), popularly called "mountain lily," and the celmisia or mountain daisy, called by the Maoris *ti-kumu*. The thick gleaming leaves of the *ti-kumu* were often worn by Ngati-Mamoe and Ngai-Tahu people as a head-decoration, feather fashion. White violets and pimpernels are plentiful, and on the slopes above is, too, the New Zealand edelweiss. There is a stream to give music in this wild alpine garden, a beautiful little river of clear sky-blue water, filtered by its passage under the moraine; on its pools the *whio* or blue mountain duck is sometimes seen.

On either side, from Sefton's titan flanks right round to the glacier-head and round again to the Cook Range, there are the king peaks, alive with the voice of avalanches and many waters. But always the eye lifts to the *Ariki* of them all, to Ao-Rangi—"Cloud of Heaven," or, let us say, "Shining Cloud," for it was its glittering sheen, hanging against the sky, that took the vision of the early name-givers from well-nigh a hundred miles away. From here it takes a square-headed tent shape, and the fancy comes, as it may well enough have come to the brown pathfinders of long ago, that the mountain-top, like white fire in the high light of noon-day, or aglow with

the tints of sunset, stands as an image of the very Toi-o-te-Rangi of which the wise men spoke, the Pinnacle of Heaven.

On the opposite side of the valley is the Copland Pass, a saddle of 6,863 feet altitude, on the Moorhouse Range, between Raureka Peak and The Footstool. The trans-alpine route to the Karangarua River, the Fox Glacier and the West Coast is by this ice-pass.

The Great Tasman Glacier.

The Tasman Glacier is 18 miles long, two miles in extreme width, and from 200 to 1,000 feet deep—an enormous *mer de glace* filling the floor of an alpine valley, and walled by mountain peaks ten, eleven and twelve thousand feet high. It far excels in dimensions and in the glory of its surroundings all other glaciers in the habitable zones of the globe.

The valley down which the Tasman Glacier sweeps from an elevation of between 9,000 and 10,000 feet is bounded on the western side for six miles by the Mt. Cook Range, then by Mts. Tasman, Haast, Haidinger, Glacier Peak, Mts. de la Beche, Green and Elie de Beaumont. On the eastern side (the right as one travels up the glacier) are the Liebig Range, the Malte Brun Range, then Mt. Darwin and the saddle connecting it with the Hochstetter Dome. From each side glaciers and ice-cascades descend into the valley and swell the volume of the main glacier, and high at its head is the main *névé* covering the summit of the dividing range. Some of the subsidiary glaciers—notably the Hochstetter ice-fall—are most glorious sights, flowing in steeply-slanting broken streams of glittering white into the majestic gently-sloping icebed. The terminal face of the Tasman is 2,349 feet above sea-level; the fall of the glacier is a little over 300 feet per mile. The lower parts are covered with a thick coating of moraine for several miles; in fact until the Ball Hut is reached (7 miles up the glacier) little or nothing is seen of the clear ice.

There are two Alpine camps in the Tasman valley—one, the Ball Hut, near the foot of the Ball Glacier, 14 miles from the "Hermitage," the other, on the Malte Brun Range, a 10-miles walk beyond the Ball Hut. These huts are exceedingly useful to the traveller visiting the Tasman. The huts are two-roomed structures, built of corrugated iron and lined with warm roofing-felt. There are blankets, food,

Cook Clarke Saddle Tasman Haidinger Douglas Glacier Peak

[*N.Z. Tourist Dept. photo*

The Heart of the Southern Alps. View from the Malte Brun Hut.

and all requirements for the comfort of alpinists. The Ball Hut is on the site of the fifth camp of the Rev. Mr. Green (who explored this valley and climbed Aorangi in 1882), and occupies a snug position on a little flat (altitude 3,400 feet) at the foot of a spur of the Cook Range. The Malte Brun Hut stands in a much wilder spot, commanding a grand mountain panorama, on the rocky side of the Malte Brun Range, 500 feet above the Tasman Glacier and 5,700 feet above sea level. Higher still, on the Haast Ridge, is the

King Memorial Hut, commemorating a tragedy of the Alps.

A horse track leads from the " Hermitage " to the Ball Hut ; the ride takes between two and three hours. The ice journey on foot thence to the Malte Brun generally takes five hours. Government guides from the " Hermitage " accompany travellers and cook their meals at the huts. Alpinists should travel light, bearing in mind that ice-traversing and rock-

The Ball Hut Camp in the Tasman Glacier Valley. [*C. Beken, photo*
[Since this Chapter was in type, the Hut was swept away by an avalanche (October, 1925)].

climbing in summer time is often exceedingly hot work, and that every extra ounce in the ruc-sac counts.

Crossing the Hooker River, we ride up the broad stony valley of the Tasman, here two miles wide, and threaded by numerous ice-fed streams, and closely skirt the foot of the Cook Range. The glacier terminates about four miles above the point where we enter the valley, and at this distance presents the appearance of a vast tumbled wall of dark rocky debris. As we approach it we see the source of the

Tasman River, a milky-muddy torrent gushing up in great volume from beneath the cliffy face of the discoloured glacier. Then we skirt on our right the immense moraine, running for miles almost as level as a table, except for peaks of debris which rise here and there at regular intervals above the general level, mountains in miniature. This rampart of shaly shingly rock, in places 200 feet high, bounds our valley on one side; on the other the peaks of the Aorangi Range, scored with countless snow-wrought couloirs, and jagged with sharp tooth-summits, rise precipitously over our path. From one of the gaps in the range, a waterfall at least 700 feet high leaps down, in half a dozen separate springs and sheer drops, and roars to our feet in a mountain torrent. Its total fall no man knows; it comes from some hidden snowfield high in the embrace of Mt. Kinsey. Round a rocky bastion, with a milky discoloured branch of the Tasman River clattering down on our right, and we suddenly come upon a beautiful little blue stream, meandering down the cañon through tussocky dells, richly spangled with alpine flowers. For some miles we have the pleasant company of this Blue Stream, until we bring up at its source, turquoise tarns of purest ice-water, fed by the leakage through the morainic hills from the glacier. Here is a picnic spot, in the warm and sheltered valley, shaded by thickets of white-flowering ribbonwood, fragrant as orange blossom. Golden-eyed mountain daisies, pale pinky violets, and the pure white cup-flowers of the ranunculus Lyalli carpet the romantic glade.

From here to the Ball Hut, the terminus of the horseback stage of the expedition, the travelling is rough in places, due to huge rock-slips from the high moraine on the right hand side. Here and there masses of avalanche snow from the Cook Range are crossed. The Ball Hut is a cosy place, surrounded by a wild garden of ranunculus and celmisias, and backed by a green spur covered with snow grass and

Head of the Tasman Glacier from the Malte Brun Hut. [*W. A. Kennedy, photo*

short scrub. We off-saddle here and lunch, and then adjust our swags and arm ourselves with our ice-axes for the ten miles' tramp up the glacier.

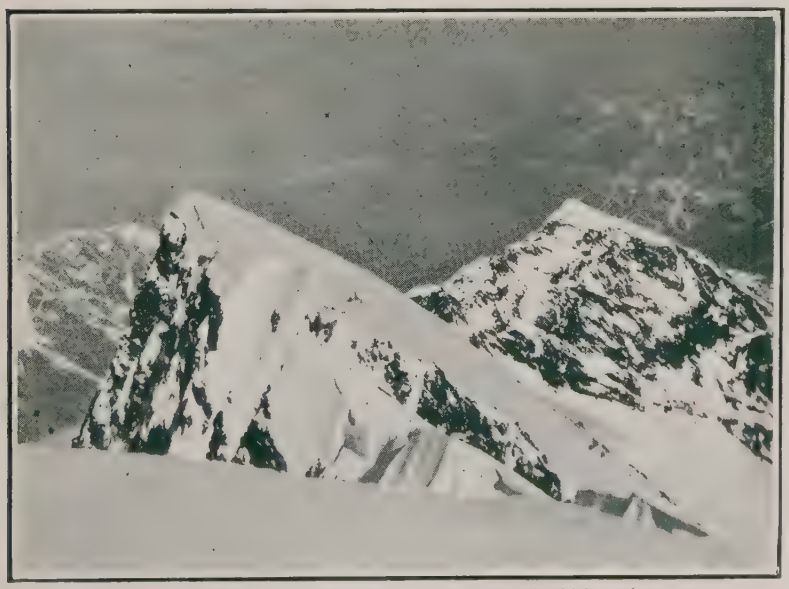
Mounting the moraine hills we have our first comprehensive view of the glacier, and notice that we have passed the *embouchure* of the Murchison, between the ranges of the Malte Brun and Liebig, on the opposite side of the Tasman. At the point where the Murchison ice comes in the Tasman Glacier is 2 miles 14 chains in width.

Crossing the rough ice of the Ball Glacier where it joins the Tasman we work up the main glacier and soon reach the foot of the Hochstetter icefall, a spectacle of magnificence beyond compare. The Hochstetter is a cataract of ice 4,000 feet high and a mile wide, plunging down the side of a mountain more than 12,000 feet high, with a great black rock islanded in its midst ; over the head of this rock the massed serac ice is continuously forced in enormous blocks which thunder on to the broken glacier below. At the foot where this immense ice-flow joins the Tasman the glacier is very much broken into peaks and ridges and there are some fine ice-caves. The surface of the glacier is greatly crevassed, but when the clear ice is reached the travelling is easy for several miles, past the great bend where the Upper Tasman curves round the out-spur of Malte Brun. The alpine hut at the Malte Brun range, on a sheltered terrace 500 feet above the glacier and 5,700 feet above sea level, is about two miles past this bend.

The Aorangi zone abounds in pictures of alpine splendour, but it is doubtful whether any view is surpassed by that from the Malte Brun hut on a clear bright morning. Immediately below one is the *mer de glace* of the Tasman, here a mile and a quarter in width. Directly opposite are the king peaks of the Alps, sixteen great mountain crests piled in one vast horizon of rock and ice. First on the left, over the projecting shoulder of Malte Brun, is Aorangi, then the bold and lofty forms of Mts. Hector, Silber-

[*Mrs. J. Thomson, photo*

The high peak of Aorangi from the middle peak.



The middle and low peaks of Aorangi from the high peak.

horn, Tasman, Lendenfeld, Haast, Haidinger, The Horn, Glacier Peak (Mt. Douglas), Conway Peak, De la Beche, with Graham's Saddle (the pass to the Franz Josef Glacier), and the Minarets (two beautiful white peaks at the back of De la Beche), the sharp icy cone of Mt. Green, Elie de Beaumont, and the Lendenfeld Saddle curving up to the symmetrical Hochstetter Dome. Immediately behind us, soaring precipitously to a height of 10,421 feet, are the dark red crags of Malte Brun, and just to the right the Darwin Glacier curves into the Tasman. From ice-peak to ice-peak flash the blinding helios of Alpine-land—the snowfields and glaciers blaze with fire, a burning glow on which one cannot look long without snow-glasses.

Any mountain or pass at the head of the Tasman Valley may be ascended from the Malte Brun hut, or the De la Beche bivouac (altitude 4,782 feet). Shorter excursions may also be made from the Malte Brun to the numerous tributary glaciers in the vicinity.

An expedition to the head of the Tasman and to the Hochstetter Dome is a splendid alpine excursion. With the Malte Brun Hut as headquarters the ice-journey and the climb to the summit of the Dome can be done within the day. The height of Hochstetter Dome is 9,258 feet. The view from the ice-crest is one of the grandest in the whole of the Alps. In 1883 Dr. R. von Lendenfeld, with his wife and a porter, after exploring the Tasman Glacier, made the first ascent of the Dome.

The Ascent of Aorangi.

The first alpinist to attack Aorangi was the Rev. W. E. Green, of England, who ascended it with two Swiss guides in March, 1882 ; he reached within a few feet of the top when approaching darkness compelled him to turn back. The complete conquest of the peak was accomplished twelve years later, when three New Zealanders, Messrs. J. Clarke, G. Graham and T. C.

Fyfe, were the first to stand on the summit (Christmas Day, 1894). Since then many ascents have been made. Mr. Samuel Turner, F.R.G.S., was the first to make the ascent alone. For details of climbs and routes the alpinist should read the excellent books written by the Rev. Green ("The High Alps of New Zealand"), Mr. G. Mannering ("With Axe and Rope in the New Zealand Alps"), Mr. Malcolm Ross, F.R.G.S. ("A Climber in the New Zealand Alps"), and Mr. Turner ("The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps"). Miss Dufaur, the first woman to scale Aorangi, has also written her alpine book ("The Conquest of Mount Cook"). Mr. Peter Graham, who was for many years the chief guide at the "Hermitage," has made numerous ascents of Aorangi

[*Havelock Williams, photo*

A Shepherd of the Mackenzie Country.

Chapter VI.

WESTLAND: ITS MOUNTAIN PASSES, LAKES, FORESTS, AND GLACIERS.

WITH the completion of the Midland Railway connecting Canterbury and the West Coast of the island, most travellers who visit the wonderful Westland province now go by this trans-alpine route, bisecting the great backbone of the land at the Otira Gorge. A tunnel $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, one of the great engineering works of the world, pierces the heart of the Alps at Arthur's Pass, and through this section of the route the traveller goes by an electrically-hauled train. Twenty years ago the gap between the rail-heads at Springfield, on the Canterbury side, and Otira, in Westland, a distance of sixty miles, was covered by coach; and there was no more memorable journey in New Zealand than this coaching run on the box seat behind a well-handled five-horse team.

The ice-fed Waimakariri, half a mile wide, was the principal ford on this route of many rivers, often flooded and impassable. The river is now crossed by a great railway bridge. The old road crosses the summit, the boundary line between Canterbury and Westland, at Arthur's Pass (3,038 feet). Here the mountain and gorge landscapes are very wild and grand. On the left hand as one goes into Westland is the king peak of the Otira zone, Mt. Rolleston (8,000 feet), with a glacier on its shoulders. The descent of the Otira Gorge, with its raving torrent keeping the road company and its rich forest vegetation delighting the traveller's eye at every turn, is one of the fine things of a New Zealand tour; and if one is fortunate enough to make the passage of the mountains in the midsummer season when the *rata* is in

Approaching the Copland Pass from the west. [*H. C. Peart, photo*

The Otira Gorge, from the Zigzag. [*C. Beken, photo*

bloom, firing the mountain sides for miles with its gorgeous blaze of flowers, the entry into Westland's charmed regions will be remembered as a picture of superb colour as well as grandeur of landscape form. Many an artist has attempted to convey to canvas something of the Otira's magnificence. Probably the most successful was the late Petrus van der Velden, a Dutch painter whose powerful brush has

New Zealand Eidelweiss in the Godley Glacier District. [*T. A. Fletcher, photo*

given us impressions of the great gorge in its most savage aspect, in storm and flood. The good road, too, excites admiration; the boldly-engineered highway through this mountain pass was constructed in 1865-66 to link up Canterbury with the newly discovered gold-diggings of the West Coast.

Crossing the swift snow-fed Taramakau River soon after leaving Otira station, at the foot of the Alps, the rail line winds round the shore of Lake Brunner (Maori name Kotuku-whakaoka, meaning the "Lake of the Darting White Heron"). The broad

lake is forest-fringed and there are sawmills, and in the cleared flat country small farms. From the north end of the lake the Arnold River glides out to join the Grey, through high woods of red and white pine. From Otira station to the port of Greymouth by this rail route it is 51 miles, or in all from Christchurch about 160 miles.

Greymouth is of importance as the largest town on the West Coast with the only port south of West-

Old sluicing workings for gold, Kumara, Westland. [*Havelock Williams, photo*

port. The bad river bar has been converted into a safe harbour entrance, and large steamers berth on the river front in the heart of the town. The place is a great coal port, and large quantities of timber are also exported.

Gold-mining was at one time the great industry of the Grey valley, and many stories are told of the marvellous yields in the "rush" days of the sixties. Hydraulic sluicing for gold is still carried on in numerous places in the country between the Buller and the Grey, and further south in the Hokitika district.

The Land of Greenstone, and the Story of Raureka.

The traveller continuing his journey from Greymouth to Hokitika crosses the snow-fed Arahura River, the famous greenstone-bearing torrent of the Maori, and here is an appropriate moment to tell the story of the jadeite or *pounamu* which first won celebrity for the West Coast.

There is a small native village at Arahura, where a few Ngai-Tahu tribespeople, the descendants of the ancient conquerors of the Coast, live in comfortable European-built houses. This river and its greenstone treasures were first discovered, say the Maoris, by the Polynesian sailor-chiefs Ngahue and Tama-ki-te-Rangi (or Tama-ahua), who, many centuries ago, voyaged to these islands from the Eastern Pacific. (The name Arahura is identical with Ara'ura, the ancient name of Aitutaki, one of the Cook Islands, from which group Ngahue came.) High up the Arahura, at the foot of the mountains, is a deep pool called Kaikanohi, in which lies the fabled *pounamu* canoe, called by some tribes "Te Ika-a-Poutini" (Poutini's Fish), and by others the "Tairea" (Tama-ki-te-Rangi's canoe), stretching its gleaming, translucent length across the river-bed, with upstanding knobs which are the petrified wives of Tama', Hine-Kahurangi, Hine-Kawakawa, and their companions, turned into greenstone. So says the imaginative Maori, and singular symbolic legends—too long to narrate here—are told of the metamorphosis into *pounamu* of Tama's canoe and crew. As a matter of fact, there is a large ledge of greenstone in this upper part of the Arahura, and it is from this that the fragments and blocks found lower down the river have come. Another greenstone-bearing locality in Westland is Koterepi, a little bay about 20 miles north of Greymouth. Here there is a deposit of very hard greenstone, regarded as sacred by the olden Maoris, and the weapons and ornaments made from it were *tapu*. In Maori legend the *pounamu* found here is said to have been formed from the water baled out of the "Tairea" canoe, which was hauled ashore at this spot for baling and repairs on Tama's voyage down the coast. *Pounamu* deposits are also found and in fact worked by the *pakeha* for commercial purposes in other parts of the district.

The story of Raureka, the first person to cross the Southern Alps, is associated with the *pounamu*, the jewel stone of the Maori. Raureka was a chieftainess of Ngati-Wairangi. This tribe was akin to the Ngai-Tahu of the eastern parts of the South Island, but had been isolated so long on the coast of Westland, at and near Arahura, that the eastern tribes scarcely knew of its existence. She first made known to the dwellers on the Canterbury Plains the strange country of the West. In the heart of the Southern

Alps, close to Mount Cook, there is an ice-peak which the map-makers have named Mount Raureka to commemorate this long-gone explorer. It is on the dividing range, looking down upon the Hooker Glacier. It would have been more fitting, however, had they given the name to one of the mountains above Browning's Pass, seventy miles to the north of the Hooker, for it was there that Raureka made the crossing to the east side. Raureka, as her descendants relate, left her village at Arahura, as the result of a quarrel, and with one companion, a slave, wandered far up into the mountains at the head of Lake Kaniere.* Accidentally the fugitives discovered a pass between the snowy mountains that overlooked the head waters of the Arahura, and toiling on, shod with *paraerae* or sandals of flax-leaves, they crossed the dividing range, descended the valley of the Rakaia, and emerged on the Canterbury Plains. They trudged across the gently slanting prairie, a great lone land of tussock and cabbage trees, until they came to a place near where the town of Geraldine now stands. Here, exhausted and starving, they were found by a party of Ngai-Tahu men, who were out on the war-path. The far-travelled pair were fed, and at the camp-fire Raureka told her new friends of the country across the range, and of the greenstone treasures it contained. In confirmation of her tale, she showed the warriors, as the voyager of old showed King Alfred a walrus tooth in token of his far north sailings, a little axe of *pounamu* which she had carried across the mountains.

While Raureka was telling the Ngai-Tahu her strange story a man named Puhou lay, pretending to be asleep, but listening to every word. He resolved to steal away next day and explore the land of greenstone, and secure some of its riches for himself. In the morning the war-party continued the march northward to Kaiapoi, and on the way Puhou the schemer contrived to secure charge of the West Coast fugitives. He and his immediate followers slipped away from the main body, and when far inland they induced Raureka to pilot them across the pass which she had discovered. She gave Puhou her axe, the weapon which had excited the envy of the roaming warriors, and she became his wife before they reached the greenstone coast. The party of treasure-seekers made the rough Alpine crossing, and fording or swimming the many swift streams and struggling through the dense forests they reached at last the Poutini villages on the sea coast. That was how the Ngai-Tahu from Canterbury first entered the lands of their long-severed cousins the Ngati-Wairangi and became possessed, at first by barter and then by force of arms, of the rich stores of worked and unworked *pounamu*, a treasure that was as great an attraction to the New Zealanders of that era as the nuggets and the golden sands of Westland were to the white pioneers two and a half centuries later.

* Kaniere, now popularly misspelled with a final "i," means the act of sawing greenstone.

This ancient route from Arahura went up from the shore of Kaniere Lake, hence the Pass (*tarahaka*) itself was named after that lake. It is now known as Browning's Pass; the altitude is 5,700 feet.

Hokitika, and the Lakes.

The town of Hokitika, founded in 1864, is a place of many romantic and adventurous memories, and

Lake Kaniere, Westland. [*N. Z. Govt. Tourist Dept., photo*

picturesquely placed withal. The river-mouth on its flank was a place of lively maritime business in the years of the great gold rush of the sixties, and the raw new town was a scene of amazing pioneer life, when thousands of diggers paraded its mile-long main street, lined with stores, saloons, and dance-houses. The Tasman Sea pounds at its doors, for the place is built on the very edge of the coast, and some of the water-front has even in recent years disappeared into the surf. The surroundings are sightly, and there

are many pretty homes on the slopes above the beach-level. A run through the neighbouring country is chiefly remarkable for the signs of the gold-diggers' olden industry visible on every hand, the gigantic heaps of tailings at the big sluicing claims. Kaniere township is particularly interesting in this respect. Nowadays the Hokitika and surrounding districts are rich farming country, covered with comfortable homes; and the forest wealth is worked by numerous sawmills. South of Hokitika there are still important alluvial mining claims, and Rimu, Ross and other places which have yielded tons of gold in the past still reward the treasure-seeker.

This West Coast is the land of lakes and forests. The long narrow littoral, impinged on by the white wall of the Alps, was originally covered with dense jungly bush, and after sixty years of settlement—chiefly close to the shore—the greater part of those forests remain standing, an enormously valuable timber reserve for further generations. For two hundred miles from the Grey country southward these Westland forests are dotted with lakes, and very beautiful are these wood-belted water-mirrors, some near the ocean, others lying close under the mighty hills.

Typical of these West Coast lakes is Kaniere, reached by a drive of 12 miles from Hokitika. It is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by 2 to 3 miles wide; its shores are forested to the water edge. There is an island wooded so thickly that from a little distance it seems a floating forest, for not a rock or patch of soil is visible. Drooping *rimu* pines and flowering *rata*, the berry-bearing *miro*, beloved of the soft-winged pigeon, and tall old birches and beeches stretch their mossy arms above the deep waters almost over our heads as we cruise around the coast of many bays. The air is full of the cool fragrance of the never-fading forest, and

> That old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
> The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees.

From the waterline the timbered spurs, in over-

lapping folds of tender foliage, sweep back to the alpine mountains, all on a clear calm day reversed with unbroken imagery on the glassy lake floor. Every here and there the rocky points are broken by little clear sandy beaches, at any of which one may land by the simple process of running the motor launch nose on to the shore. An evening picture on Kaniere is one of enchantment. The great dark

[*T. A. Fletcher, photo*

A view of the ice-cave at the terminal face of the Godley Glacier, showing the source of the Godley River, which flows into Lake Takapo.

blue sheet of water lies spread out as smooth and polished as a silver plate, its only motion an almost imperceptible heave of its calm bosom. On each side part the hills, receding into blue heights swathed in white folds of mist; and far beyond peep out the snowy peaks of the Southern Alps, ghostlike in their cold white glimmer.

Of a different quality of beauty is Mahinapua—a poetical name meaning the young crescent moon, literally "moon-bud," just appearing above the

horizon. This is a brown shallow lagoon, reached by a launch run of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles up-river from Hokitika. It is renowned for its marvellous reflections ; and an equally wonderful water-mirror is the Southern Creek navigable by launch. Further south as one travels towards the great glaciers are other beautiful lakes, in particular Ianthe and forest-fringed Mapourika.

[*H. C. Pearl, photo*

Gold-winning dredge, working alluvial claims at Rimu, Westland.

The Waiau (Franz Josef) and Fox Glaciers.

Motor-car travel is possible as far south in Westland as Okarito, a small coast township 83 miles from Hokitika, and the Waiau, at the foot of the glacier of that name, more generally known as the Franz Josef, some 8 miles inland, or 91 miles from Hokitika. Beyond that the traveller exploring the wonders of South Westland must do so on horseback ; a riding track goes down as far as Jackson's Bay, a lonely spot some 220 miles south of Hokitika.

Driving southward along a good road, crossing many rapid snow-rivers, the traveller is impressed by the size of the timber in the great forest areas penetrated. For many miles south of the gold-mining town of Ross—famous for its hydraulic-sluicing claim

of the Mont D'or—the way is through the tall woods, chiefly *rimu* and *kahikatea* pines, with large *rata* and *matai* (black pine).

About twenty-five miles south of Ross is a one-time celebrated gold-river called Duffer's Creek. Fortunes have been found in this boulder-strewn stream. Duffer's Creek is noteworthy as being the diggers' border line against Chinamen. No Chinese miner was allowed south of this stream: it was the unwritten law of the gold-hunters. Hundreds of Chinamen live in Westland, many of them working sluicing claims, but they got the cold shoulder at Duffer's Creek. Only one Chinaman, says Coast gossip, ever ran the gauntlet, and he had to be smuggled across the border at night by his mate, an old Scotchman. This queerly assorted pair of comrades lived in company for years.

Okarito, at the sea-mouth of a large lagoon, is a curious little place, a decayed old gold-mining township with a "red-blooded" past. In the sixties there were ten thousand diggers on the alluvial workings here, chiefly on the ocean-beach, where these heavy dark sands were combed for the gold dust. From the "Five-mile" and "Three-mile" and other beach diggings in the neighbourhood tons of gold were won; and a little is still obtained by industrious beach-miners. Okarito was a town of amazingly picturesque life in its prime, when more than thirty public-houses and dance-saloons lined its now grass-grown streets on the lagoon front.

There is a bar-harbour here but a very erratic one, for the channel is sometimes silted up for months, until a "fresh" comes and opens it anew. Small coasting vessels are able to enter the little harbour when the bar chooses to remain open. The naturalist will find much interest in the lagoon, for in its reedy recesses there is a colony of that extremely rare and beautiful bird the *kotuku* or white heron.

Nothing can be seen on the eastern face of the Southern Alps chain to compare with the Waiau and

The South Westland Forest Road. *Dr. Teichelmann, photo*

the Fox ice-flows. The peculiar interest of these glaciers, descending steeply from the *névés* of the great divide, lies in their nearness to sea-level and in the unique beauty of their framing of forest vegetation. The Waiau or Franz Josef descends to within 700 feet of sea-level, and the Fox, 17 miles away, to 670 feet altitude.

Wai-au is the Maori name of the river which issues from the terminal face of the great writhing tongue of ice and goes roaring down to the sea—the River of the Swirling Current. That is the name put on record by von Haast when he explored South Westland in 1865; it has been corrupted in later times to Waiho, the present official name of the hotel and post office at the end of the motoring road from Hokitika, on the river bank, two miles below the glacier. Von Haast unfortunately did not consider the descriptive Maori term worth the giving to the glacier which fed the Swirling Waters; and so we find him inflicting upon our maiden maps his Franz Josef and Unser Fritz and Moltke and sundry other alien names. We may certainly set most of them in our index of expurgations, especially "Unser Fritz," a name clapped on a splendid waterfall, plunging down 1,200 feet over a sheer wall of rock three miles up the glacier.

The Waiau, tumbling down through the jungly bush that fills most of the eleven miles between the glacier face and the Tasman Sea, well deserves its name. It is a narrow but dangerous river, swift-running, deep and full of treacherous eddies and whirlpools. A curious feature about these short-coursed glacial rivers on the West Coast is the rapidity with which they rise in the summer afternoons. On a warm day the Waiau is a raging torrent at three o'clock in the afternoon, quite unfordable; at night it is down again to its ordinary level. The cause of this can readily be understood on visiting the glacier face, watching the surface streams hurrying down every little ice-valley and observing every now and again huge blocks of ice, loosened by the sun's influence,

come tumbling from the undermined snout of the frozen river and smashing into whole squadrons of bergs in the stream flowing from the glacial cave.

The Waiau ice-flow is a rough-and-tumble spot, quite unlike the Tasman Glacier, on the eastern slope, where for mile after mile you may travel up a gently inclined plane almost as smooth as a table, interrupted only by the crevasses. The terminal face,

The Franz Josef or Waiau Glacier, South Westland. [*N. Z. Govt., Tourist Dept., photo*

breaking suddenly off into high cliffs of solid ice, is about half a mile wide and a hundred feet thick, or deep. The length of the glacier is eight and a half miles, and in that distance it descends nine thousand feet to within 700 feet of the sea level. In that fact lies the explanation of its ruggedness, its ice-falls and mountainous pinnacles. The great ice-fall three-quarters of a mile up the glacier is an amazingly wild bit of ice architecture. The glacier follows the unevenness of the ground like a river, and the rocky obstacles and sudden declivities cause it to heave

and fall like a mountain cascade. The ice-fall is a monstrous confused mass of squirming packed ice, broken into sharp spires and aiguilles.

The Waiau Glacier is now fairly well known to summer-time travellers. Less frequented is the Fox Glacier, which really is a still more magnificent spectacle. It is seventeen miles beyond the Waiau. For its name there is ample warrant ; the late Sir William

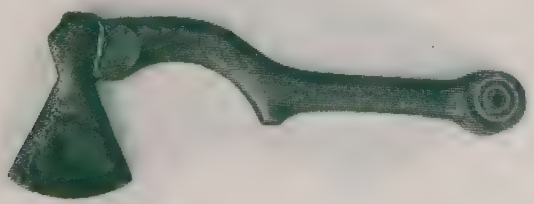
The Fox Glacier, South Westland. [*N. Z. Govt., Tourist Dept., photo*

Fox visited it during his Premiership of New Zealand, when a Westland journey was not the simple matter it is to-day. The Waiau and the Fox are separated by a series of sharp forest-clothed ridges and deep rocky valleys, across and around which the horse-track winds ; and the traveller is never likely to forget the wonderful pictures of thunderous mountain gloom and mountain glory which present themselves, clearing up after rain, looking up the wild bush gorge of the Wai-Kukupa (" Pigeon Creek ") to the giants of the central Alps. The terminal face of the Fox is only

some 670 feet above sea-level; the glacier descends 9,000 feet in a curving course of nine miles. The great ice-flow seems literally to plunge at one, viewed from the mounds at the terminal face, as it comes steeply down through the open jaws of the mountains. Here, as on the hill palisades of the Waiau, the tropic richness and colouring of the forest make astonishing contrast to the alpine architecture. We have climbed above the pines, white and red, and up here on the mountain side the vegetation is the flowering *rata*, the *akeake*, the native alpine broom, the white blossomed ribbonwood, here and there the flax-like *kiekie*, and the semi-tropical *neinei*, half-shrub, half-palm, and whole forests of fern trees. In summer the blossoms of the *rata* flood the mountain sides with crimson. The hills spring into wild, irregular skylines, sloping far upwards to the central range. On either side silver threads of water splash down the green precipice, glittering in spray as they drop from ledge to ledge. Near the foot is an enormous striated rock, "The Cone," like a colossal Liberty-cap; its sides are wonderfully carved and shaven by the action of the glacier.

The Fox Glacier descends from the *névé* between the Bismarck Peaks, Mt. Haidinger, and Mt. Tasman; these snowfields are the largest in the New Zealand Alps. Its ascent is not an easy ice-climb, but the alpinist will find at its head a grand field for amateur exploration.

There is good hotel accommodation at the Waiau, and visitors to the Fox will find comfortable quarters with one or other of the settler families who receive travellers.



Chapter VII.

OVER THE HAAST PASS.

FROM WESTLAND TO THE OTAGO LAKES.

MISS Baughan, in an eloquent piece of word-painting has happily described the route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound as "the finest walk in the world." There is a South Island journey which may with equal fitness perhaps be called the finest ride in the world. For lovers of saddle travel indeed it can scarcely be equalled anywhere in dramatic variety and nobility of landscape. This is the route through South Westland and across the Haast Pass to Lake Wanaka and the Otago country.

The total distance from Hokitika to Lake Wanaka by this route is 243 miles, of which 150 miles are traversed on horseback. A week should be allowed for the riding journey, for the unbridged rivers, often in flood, frequently delay the traveller. The best season is about February or March when the rivers are generally low. The ride from the Waiau to the mouth of the Haast is along the ocean beach at Bruce Bay, but for the most part it is through the forests and the ranges. In the whole 150 miles there are only two bridges, and in this lack of bridges over the many ice-born rivers lies the secret of South Westland's isolation. The roads are in general good, but the rivers are the plague of the South Westland settler's life, and he has every reason for reducing his politics to a matter of bridges.

Some day the Haast Pass route may make a famous motoring track, when South Westland comes into its own. It is the only alpine pass south of the Otira, one hundred and fifty miles away, over which a horse track goes. It is much lower than the Otira;

its altitude is only 1,847 feet above sea level. From the mouth of the Haast River, 186 miles south of Hokitika, there is a ride of forty miles up the mountain-parapeted valley to the Pass, under the glaciated shoulders of Mount Brewster, with Mount Aspiring not far away on the south. Another seventeen miles takes the horseman to Makarore (popularly misspelled with a final "a") on Lake Wanaka. This forest country lifts into peaks higher than Mount Egmont, with lofty ribs of lateral ranges, and all cloven through by roaring snow-born rivers, where man and horse are likely to be swept away like twigs. Yet long ago it was a Maori war track. One tough old warrior, Puoho, ninety years ago led a fighting expedition all the way down the West Coast, over this pass Tiori-patea—and down along Lake Wanaka into Otago, in order to take his enemy in the rear. It is surely worth the remembering as the most arduous strategic march on record in these islands. White men first crossed the Haast Pass in the early sixties. One of the pioneers was Mr. Sefton Moorhouse, then Superintendent of the province of Canterbury ; one of the Maori guides with his party, Henare Te Maire, is still living at Morven, in South Canterbury. Tiori-patea, Henare told me, was so called from the call (*tiori*) raised by the leading pathfinder to his followers, when the summit was reached, that the way ahead to the valley was clear (*patea*).

So much forest is there on this route that the sight of a settler's clearing is a relief after mile upon mile of the eternal green of the great dripping bush and the untamed fronts of the mountains. But the perennial freshness and vividness of tinting seem to give the Westland bush a special glory. Everything is moist and consequently every colour gains in brilliance. The richness of colour is entrancing in these ravines, where long, shadowy vistas lead up between the ranges to the glaciers and snow peaks of the main alpine range. I have never seen anything from an artist's brush that satisfyingly conveyed the

deep gorgeousness of colour which is the abiding quality of West Coast landscapes. It may be that the artist is afraid to squeeze out his tubes as lavishly as Nature spills her colours over the land, lest townspeople should decline to believe him.

A traverse that is ever fresh in the memory is the mountain track over the Okura-Matakitaki, a range crossed by the horse road between the old gold-digging settlement of Bruce Bay and the Haast. We forded the Moeraki, generally known as the Blue River, at a great pool in the shadow of the bush, with rapids above and below, and followed the twisting track until we were nearly 2,000 feet above sea level. The ranges, wooded to the skyline, wound round and round until one's sense of direction was perfectly bewildered. The mountains were immensely steep, intersected by ravines where the mists half hid the purpling depths. We looked down a thousand feet into some of these cañons of colourful gloom, where torrents racing down over their rocky beds sent up a never-ceasing roar. Waterfalls everywhere, long thin cascades dropping from sources sometimes hidden in the clouds that hung about our heads. Then the way went down through avenues of tall *rimu* and *totara* and native beech or *tawai* to the cattle paddocks cut out of the bush.

At the Maka-whio ("Stream of the Blue Mountain Duck"), 21 miles south of the Fox Glacier, there is a lonely little Maori settlement, that of the Ngati-Mahaki section of the Ngai-Tahu tribe; this is the most isolated native community in New Zealand. Ten miles south of this place is the ford of the Mahitahi River, flowing into Bruce Bay.

Cron's cattle station, at the mouth of the powerful Haast or Awarua -where we forded it near the sea it is nearly a mile wide—was our jumping-off place for the most difficult stage of the journey. Four of us, one leading a recalcitrant pack-horse, found the first seven or eight miles easy enough going; the route here lay across level country, with patches of

bush and clumps of cabbage trees and very tall flax. Then the mountains closed in and the track in many places was overgrown or was complicated by slips or by the quick twists necessary to avoid some deep pool in the slaty-blue glacial river's course. Sometimes it was the narrowest of tracks through the thicknesses of the tall bush, sometimes a climb along an outjut of a spur ; sometimes across shallowed bends of the erratic Awarua and over islanded flats or grass and flax, where the river had split into several branches. It is impossible to make quick time in this kind of country, but we did well enough by reaching the Burke hut, a tiny corrugated iron camp 36 miles from the Haast mouth, just before dark. The great gorge of the Haast gradually contracted as we advanced. The outspurs of the main alpine range rose in blue and green masses on either hand, clad to the topmost rocks in a soft blanket of bush, the rich green of the foliage cloven at every turn by flashing waterfalls. Some of these alpine cataracts must have been much more than 1,000 feet high. There was one great fall, coming down in two snowy drops from a gap in Mount Marks, that resembled the Sutherland Falls, and could not have been far short of that great water leap in total fall.

There is a drawing by Turner, used as a frontispiece in one of the volumes of Ruskin's " Modern Painters," which always calls up in my memory a landscape on that day's ride up the Haast. Turner's picture, " The Gates of the Hills," shows a great chine in the alps, hugely precipitous and narrow, with the walls on either side, buttress after buttress, rising into immeasurable cloudy heights. The New Zealand picture in my mind is an immensely savage gorge opening out into mysterious shadowy distances on the southern side of the Haast horse track. Ice and flood have scooped it out in narrow cup-shape ; its sides are perhaps two thousand feet high, almost vertical, and above that again they climb into the dark drifting clouds. Down this gorge of purple gloom, which some

surveyor has named "The Gap," rushes a growling torrent, making a monstrously savage noise as it comes tumbling over its boulder bed; it is called the "Roaring Swine," and the old pathfinder's name fits it very well. The sides of the great cup streamed with waterfalls, when we rode up past its mouth; everything was wet and glistening, and the forest was everywhere, the dense wildly luxuriant bush of Westland. The near country was half-veiled in filmy blues and greys, the distances in the profound gap were thunderously purple, and the green and dark blue ranges, gaining in depth of colour as they receded, mounted up and up into unimaginable misty altitudes, with here and there a cold glint of snow. That is a typical bit of scenery in a country that holds almost as wonderful a succession of landscapes as the Fiordland into which it merges; the only thing in which it is outdone is the rock sculpture of Milford Sound.

On the opposite bank of the river, the north side, a very grand cataract, which the surveyor had christened "Roaring Billy," came thundering down a wooded precipice between Mount Swindle and Mount Cuttance, peaks running into 5,000 feet. There are two small iron huts in the upper valley of the Haast. The most convenient of these camps for travellers is the Burke Hut, 36 miles from the mouth of the Haast.

As we approached the head of the Haast, after leaving the Burke Camp, we entered a true cañon. The ranges became tremendous precipices; we looked up through the *tawai* and *rimu* branches to the misty mountain-tops. The green and purple walls about us were whitened with the gleam and leap of countless waterfalls. The track hung to the steep mountain-sides; the torrential river went boiling over its rocks hundreds of feet below. In the heart of this wild place we came upon a wooden bridge strung across the deep, narrow cañon of the Wills River, the first bridge we had seen in a hundred miles.

The Haast dwindled now. We crossed and recrossed it, making little of it, its savageness decreasing

as we neared its head. We rode through open spaces on the river bed that were dotted, park fashion, with clumps of small beech trees and pines. The actual top of the Pass was thick and silently sombre with tall *tawai*. We were on the divide ; now all the little streams began to flow the other way, towards Otago. On our left we saw through the arches of the trees the head of the river we had followed so long. The

Township of Pembroke, Lake Wanaka. [*Burton Bros., photo*

northern branch issued from a great glacier, the David, high above us, on the shoulders of Mount Brewster (8,265 feet) ; this glacier, a picture beyond all description grand as we saw it through the forest, descended in icefalls to the ravine. Brewster has a native name not recorded on any map ; it is Hau-mai-tikétiké, or " Wind from the Lofty Heights," in allusion to the icy breeze which met travellers when they topped this pass.

All the way down to Lake Wanaka, through the bush and then the far-back sheep and cattle runs, the indomitable mountains were about us. Mount Aspiring

was hidden from us by the clouds, and so we did not see his Titi-tea*, the "Wedge of Glittering White" of the Maoris. But on either hand, as we rode down along the Makarore River the tall and broken ranges gloomed in purple magnificence, and misty blue cañons and gorges opened out. Through a darkly wonderful valley on our right, scooped out with Nature's majestic barbarism, the Blue River came rushing madly in from some hidden source among Aspiring's glaciers. And then came a touch of sailoring and a luxurious rest after the rough work of saddle and camp, for at the Makarore jetty the little auxiliary steamer was waiting. Up with the mainsail and jib, sheets well eased out to the beautiful northerly breeze, right behind us, and down Wanaka we went under screw and canvas for Pembroke township and wheel roads again, thirty-five miles away.

From Pembroke, at the southern end of Lake Wanaka, there is a good motoring road to Queenstown, on Lake Wakatipu, 45 miles. The Crown Range is crossed at an altitude of more than 2,000 feet above the level of Wakatipu and some 5,000 feet above sea-level, and on the lower levels Cardrona and other old gold-digging settlements are passed.

On the Waiau-Wanaka ride the only accommodation is at settlers' houses. Convenient stages are from Waiau to Cook River, below the Fox Glacier, thence to Scott's, on the Karangarua; to Mahitahi, and to Cron's, south side of the Haast. There is no dwelling between the Haast mouth and the Lake Wanaka side, and the traveller must therefore camp in either of the two bush huts on the Upper Haast and carry provisions. Horses and guides can be arranged for at the Waiau or elsewhere on the Westland side, and at Makarore, Lake Wanaka.

*Pronounce "Tee-tee-tay-ah"

Chapter VIII

OTAGO, SOUTHLAND, AND THE GREAT LAKES.

THE railway line from Christchurch City to Dunedin (230 miles), after traversing the Canterbury Plain for 100 miles and passing through the busy seaport town of Timaru, with its good artificial harbour, closely skirts the eastern coast. Several large snow rivers are crossed on the Plains run, among them the Rangitata, a great alpine stream interesting not only for the grand scenery at its head among the glaciers, but for the fact that on its upper parts is the sheep country named "Mesopotamia" in the sixties by Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon." Butler lived there in the sixties, and his landscape descriptions in "Erewhon" were inspired by some of the wonderful scenery of the Rangitata head. There, too, at Mesopotamia, in 1861, von Haast buried his friend, Dr. Sinclair, the botanist, who lost his life in the Rangitata. "Near the banks of the river, just where it emerges from the Southern Alps," the great explorer and geologist wrote, "with their perpetual snow fields glistening in the sun, amidst veronicas and senecios, and covered with celmisias and gentians, there lies his lonely grave." Up at the glacier sources of all these Canterbury rivers there are alpine wonderlands scarcely inferior to the mountain and ice scenery around Aorangi.

Another point of interest about the snow-rivers of South Canterbury is the fact that not only are they angling streams for trout but they abound at the mouths with quinnat salmon, which the New Zealand Fisheries Section of the Marine Department successfully introduced a few years ago. The Rangitata and Waitaki in particular, are thick with fine salmon; some have been caught weighing up to 50 lbs. A

great salmon fishing industry on the coast is now in sight.

The Waitaki River, crossed at 138 miles from Christchurch, is the boundary between Canterbury and Otago. It has been called the New Zealand Tweed, for it divides the English-settled districts from those founded by Scottish pioneers. Oamaru, the chief town of North Otago, is passed through at 152 miles.

Caroline Bay, Timaru. [*W. Ferrier, photo*

Oamaru has been called the "White-Stone City"; the good white limestone of which much of it is built is quarried in the neighbourhood and is largely used in other parts of the Dominion. Here is the perfection of agricultural country, yielding great crops of wheat and root crops, especially potatoes. From Oamaru to Dunedin the railway is never far from the sea, and at many places it closely skirts the coast, very beautiful at Waikouaiti, Puketiraki and Blueskin Bay.

Dunedin, ranking fourth in population among New Zealand's cities, is a well-built substantial place of solid wealthy aspect. Founded by Presbyterians from the Clyde in 1848, it retains to this day much of

Dunedin Railway Station.

the Scottish character. The institutions of the old land found here a congenial home, and the city and the province remain more true to the original pioneer type than perhaps any other district in the Dominion.

Architectural interest centres in the churches; the most beautiful of these is the graceful stone building of the Presbyterian First Church with a spire 175 feet high; it stands on a commanding situation in Moray Place, overlooking the harbour.

Lower Harbour, Dunedin, and Port Chalmers. [*Guy, photo*

Knox Church, of bluestone and Oamaru whitestone, is another handsome building; and the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Joseph, in the Gothic 15th Century decorated style, is a fine structure well placed. St. Paul's Church (Anglican) in Early English style has several good stained glass windows. The Otago University and Museum buildings, the Hocken Library and the Early Settlers' Museum are other institutions worth inspection. The Hocken Library, the gift of the late Dr. T. M. Hocken to the city, is only inferior to the Turnbull Library in Wellington in its value to students of New Zealand history,

First Church, Dunedin. [*Gill, photo*

and in some important details it is unique, particularly in documents and pictures relating to the missionary and pioneering days. There are monuments to Captain Cargill, the official agent of the Free Church Association which established the settlement, and to the Rev. Dr. Burns (nephew of the poet Burns), the minister of the first church, and to his successor, Dr. Stuart. As is fitting in so patriotically Scottish

The Maze, Dunedin Botanic Gardens. [*B. F. Dickson, photo*

a place as Dunedin, there is also a statue to Robert Burns.

Dunedin's surroundings are very sightly and pleasant. There is more of the original forest vegetation close about it than in any other New Zealand town, and the hill top residential suburbs in rear of the business quarter have much quiet beauty. The Roslyn Heights, reached in a few minutes by cable car from the heart of the city, are 600 to 700 feet above the harbour, and from here there are far-extending views of land and water. The wooded Town Belt, through which the Queen's Drive goes,

the Botanical Gardens, the stream called the Water of Leith (the Maori Owheo), and the pretty cascade known as Nichol's Creek Waterfall, in a shady glen three miles from the city, are among the natural charms of the place.

Otago Harbour, about 13 miles in length, is comparatively shallow except at Port Chalmers and nearer the Heads, but large ocean steamers are enabled to berth at the city waterfront by the dredging of a deep channel. The name Otago is a corruption of the Maori Otakou, meaning the place where red ochre (haematite earth), the olden native paint, was obtained ; Otakou is a village of the Ngai-Tahu tribe near the harbour mouth.

Among the places of interest in the district is the Taieri River, where pleasure craft run out to the heads. There are some poetic Maori traditions associated with the Taieri and its rocky and part wooded banks.

The rail route from Dunedin southward takes the traveller to Invercargill (139 miles), and its port the Bluff, 17 miles further on.

Invercargill, standing on a perfectly level plain, is the metropolis of the wealthy farming lands of Southland, where most of the oats grown in New Zealand are produced, besides great quantities of cheese, butter, wool, and meat. From here, as from Dunedin, the traveller may set out for the wonderful country of the West, with its lakes and forests, alps and fiords.

LAKE WAKATIPU.

Wakatipu, 174 miles from Dunedin by rail, is not the largest or the deepest of New Zealand's many great lakes, but in the peculiar boldness of its mountain environment and its configuration it surpasses them all. There is not much of the soft and sylvan about its framing ; the prevailing characteristic of its landscapes is wild grandeur, attaining in places a forbidding

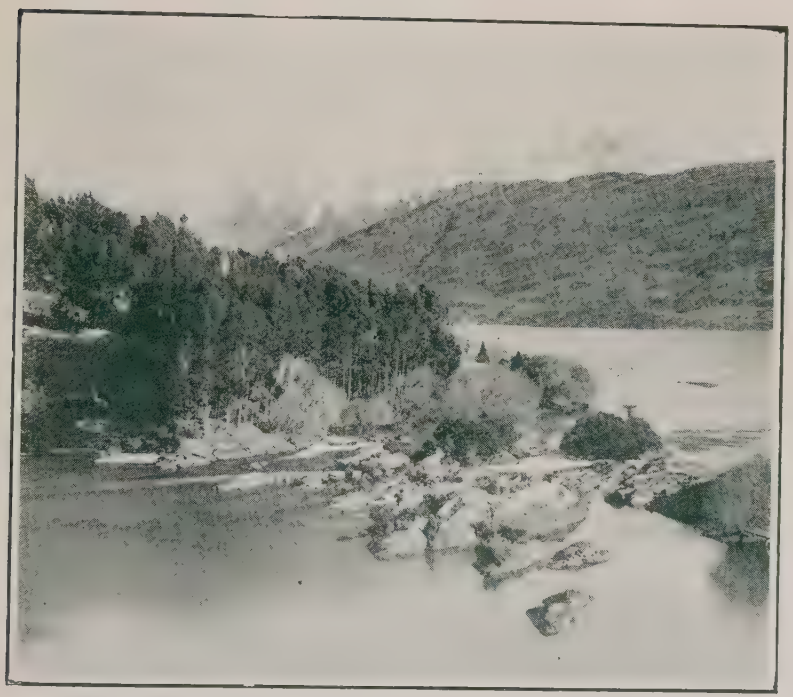
grimness of contour. Wakatipu is a true alpine lake; it lies at an altitude of over a thousand feet above sea level, and its floor is at the deepest parts more than 200 feet below ocean level. All about it tower ranges and peaks of formidably rugged aspect, rising into heights of from 5,000 to 8,000 feet, and near its head is the great glaciated Mt. Earnslaw. Its shape is peculiar, a long narrow serpentine, like a huge winding trough in the heart of the mountains; of an intense deep blue, almost black under the more precipitous mountains. Fifty miles in length, its mean breadth is only a little over two miles; its extreme depth is 1,242 feet. It covers an area of about 113 square miles and in size ranks next to Te Anau, the second largest lake in these islands. More like a great fiord than a lake in some parts, there are pretty spots along its shores; in particular the little white township of Queenstown, lying among its parks and orchards near the eastern elbow of the serpentine, the ancient moraine where the strong Kawarau torrent breaks out to join the Clutha River. Queenstown is about half-way up the lake from Kingston, at the end of the south arm, and a lake steamer makes the passenger connection between the rail head there and the town, and also plies to the head of Wakatipu. This south arm is a place to stir the imagination. It is very narrow, very deep, and profoundly blue-black; on each hand it is walled in by craggy mountain parapets, in most parts precipitous in the extreme, weathered into shapes strange and awful, deeply riven by couloirs, the race-tracks of rock avalanches, and wreathed about with the drifting mists. Some of the tremendous heights bear poetic Maori names, as given me by the old men of Ngai-Tahu who in their youth visited the lake on their *weka* (wood-hen) hunting expeditions. On the right as the steamer leaves Kingston are the Hector Mountains; the Maoris called them Tapuae-'nuku, "The Footsteps of Uenuku"—the god whose *aria* or visible form was the rainbow—because they were

Queenstown, Lake Wakatipu, and the Remarkable Mountains — N.Z. Govt Publicity Dept. photo

so often seen spanned by rainbows. On the left are Nga Puke-maeroero, "The Hills of the Fairy Giants"; it was believed that savage beings, more like ogres than fairies, peopled those lowering crags. The English name of these 5,000 feet heights is the prosaic Mount Dick. The pioneers named the mountains immediately on the north more fittingly; they called them the Bayonet Peaks, and like huge bayonets, spears, daggers and spikes they are, too, piercing the blue 4,000 feet above the lake. On the opposite side, the right as we steam up the lake, are the most amazing precipices of all, the great serrated range of the Remarkable Mountains, etched in a series of titanic teeth against the eastern sky. The summit of this tremendous slowly-crumbling rampart of rock is the Double Cone, 7,688 feet in altitude. The Remarkable range is called by the Maoris Kopuwai ("Water Swallower"), a name which memorises a curious old legend of a monstrous ogre, a tradition perhaps of some remote tropic home of the Maori localised here like so many marvel-tales of the race.

How were these wonderful lakes formed?—is the first question the observant traveller asks. The reply is that their basins were scooped out in the first place by the ancient glaciers, which once extended far down into the plains but which have now shrunk back into the higher mountains. Indeed, I have heard from the last of the old wise men of the Ngai-Tahu tribe, Ira Herewini, of Moeraki, a legend which describes this in the figurative fashion of the poetic Maori. More than a thousand years ago there came to the South Island in his long canoe the "Uruao" from the Eastern Pacific a Maori explorer named Rakaihaitu. He traversed the land from north to south, seeking homes for himself and his children, and as he went from place to place he hollowed out with his magical *ko*, or wooden sharp-pointed digging implement, the beds of those great lakes. He began in a small way by scooping out with his *ko* the bed of the lake known as Wairewa (the Lake Forsyth of the European settler),

Banks Peninsula. Then he strode southwards, halting frequently to form a mountain lake where he thought it was needed. Greatest of all his works was Wakatipu: with vast labour and many incantations he ploughed out its winding course between the mountains. And that is why these alpine lakes of the Greenstone Land bear the classic name, "Nga-



[*P. Malaghan, photo*

The Kawarau River, outlet of Lake Wakatipu. The Kawarau is now the scene of a great gold-winning enterprise, involving the damming of the river.

puna-wai-karikari-a-Rakaihaitu," which means "The Watersprings dug by Rakaihaitu."

Was the Maori demigod's colossal spade the ice-plough of the Alps? It is a picturesque fancy. Undoubtedly Wakatipu and Manapouri and other great lakes occupy the beds of ancient glaciers, but their extraordinary depth probably cannot be attributed wholly to ice action. Mr. Edward Whymper, in his

"Scrambles Amongst the Alps," derided Dr. Tyndall's and Professor Ramsay's theories as to the formation of alpine rock-basins wholly by ice-excavation. Whymper felt sceptical as to the power of glaciers to grind out deep alpine valleys, at any rate valleys of great depth; but "it is impossible," he admitted, "to deny a certain degree of erosion to glaciers; and it is difficult to see why a great glacier should not make a hollow (a shallow one) if it were to come down upon a plain and work there for a long time." Possibly had Mr. Whymper visited the New Zealand alpine lakes, and the New Zealand fiords, he would have decided to concede a much greater degree of excavating power to the glacier. It is difficult otherwise to account for the immensely deep basins of Wakatipu and Manapouri and the nearly as deep channel of Milford Sound, with its straight walls of ice-smoothed rock. Still, no theory so far advanced seems altogether conclusive, and these extraordinary depressions, over which you may sail with from a thousand to fourteen hundred feet of snow-fed water beneath your keel, and where a sounding line dropped from your steamer would reach a spot deep below the surface of the ocean, offer a fascinating field for scientific examination. The only man who has given them much attention, and that only from one aspect, is Mr. Keith Lucas, whose account of his bathymetrical survey of the New Zealand lakes was published in 1904 in the Royal Geographical Society's *Journal*. Mr. Lucas it was who determined for us the depths and the below-water configuration of Wakatipu and Manapouri. He did not touch Te Anau, however, and that great lake, with its long fiords, has still to be explored systematically with the sounding machine.

The ascent of Ben Lomond, a peak of 5,747 feet in rear of Queenstown, is a favourite day excursion from the township. The journey can be done on horseback to within 1,500 feet of the summit. The view looking north across the vast broken sea of mountains to Earnslaw and Aspiring is one of the

grandest pictures to be enjoyed anywhere in this land of lakes and alps.

The steam trip to the north end of the lake at Glenorchy, 29 miles, opens up one magnificent panorama after another, culminating in the view looking over the head of Wakatipu to Mt. Earnslaw and other great peaks. From Glenorchy there are many places of beauty to be visited—Diamond Lake, Paradise

[*Muir and Moodie, photo*

The sea of mountains: looking north from the summit of Ben Lomond (6,747ft.)

(so named by the gold-seekers of the sixties because of the abundance of paradise-duck or *putangitangi*), Rere Lake, the Valley of the Dart, the Rees Valley and Lennox Falls. From here, too, hardy mountain climbers can essay the ascent of Earnslaw; the place where the climb begins is 18 miles in from Glenorchy, by vehicle and then on horseback.

Grandest of all the expeditions from the head of the lake is the horseback trip up the Routeburn Valley to the Lake Harris Saddle, 21 miles inland; by rough mountain ways the adventurous can explore on foot the wonderful valley of the Hollyford and

Pyke's River, and if then not surfeited with alpine scenery, continue along the trail to the ocean at Martin's Bay, 20 miles beyond Pyke's River. There is, too, the mountain track from the head of the lake to "Glade House," at the head of Lake Te Anau, a tramping route of innumerable landscape glories. Information about all these tracks, and the services of guides, can be obtained at Queenstown or at the head of the lake.

Lakes Wanaka and Hawea.

The fine glacier-formed lake Wanaka, with its alpine environment, has been mentioned in Chapter VII. It is 928 feet above sea-level and is in places about 1,000 feet deep. It is 35 miles in length, with an average width of 3 miles, has a surface area of some 57,000 acres, and contains several islands.

The mountains immediately around it rise to heights of from 5,000 feet to nearly 8,000 feet, and Mt. Aspiring, or Titi-tea, 25 miles from Pembroke township, is 9,975 feet. There is a driving road from Pembroke for 25 miles up the beautiful Matakitaki valley, on the west side of the southern arm, to the foot of Aspiring; there are very grand views of this noble glaciated mountain. The islands in the lake are of interest, particularly Manuka or Pigeon Island, 480 feet high, with a pretty little lake near its summit. The ancient Maori name of the island is Te Mou-a-Hou ("Hou's Islet"), and the lakelet is Mou-timu, meaning the place of the "ebbing tide," because of the fact that its waters were observed sometimes to rise and fall like the sea. Another island, Crescent Island, was called by the ancient race Motu-tapu or "Holy Isle." At the northern end of the lake there is an accommodation house close to the steamer landing, and there is another at Makarore Flat, where the riding road goes up to the Haast Pass and South Westland.

Walter Pe k

Lake Wakatipu ar Queens ., Pi city, photo

In the Beech Woods at Paradise, head of Lake Wakatipu. [N.Z. Govt., Tourist Dept., photo

Hawea is a deep mountain lake of glacier-gouged origin like Wanaka. It is reached by a good driving road from Pembroke, 9 miles. The lake is 22 miles long by 5 miles wide; its surface is 134 feet above that of Wanaka, and its maximum depth is over 1,000 feet. The Hawea Flats, traversed on the way to the lake, are a fertile wheat-growing area. The outlet of the lake, the Tauru River, flows through this country and

[*Burton Bros., photo*

Lake Hawea, near the head.

joins the Clutha River. The upper parts of Hawea are thickly forested, and this broken country, with the natural clearings around the head of the lake, abounds with red deer; Hawea in fact is the best stalking country in the South Island. Deer-stalkers usually make for the mouth of the Timaru (properly Tumaru) stream, on the south-eastern side, as head-quarters for their expeditions. This good red deer country can be reached from Pembroke by a drive of a few hours. An enormous area of territory extending to the Alps in the north is roamed over by the herds. There is, too, excellent trout fishing in all the rivers.

LAKE MANAPOURI,

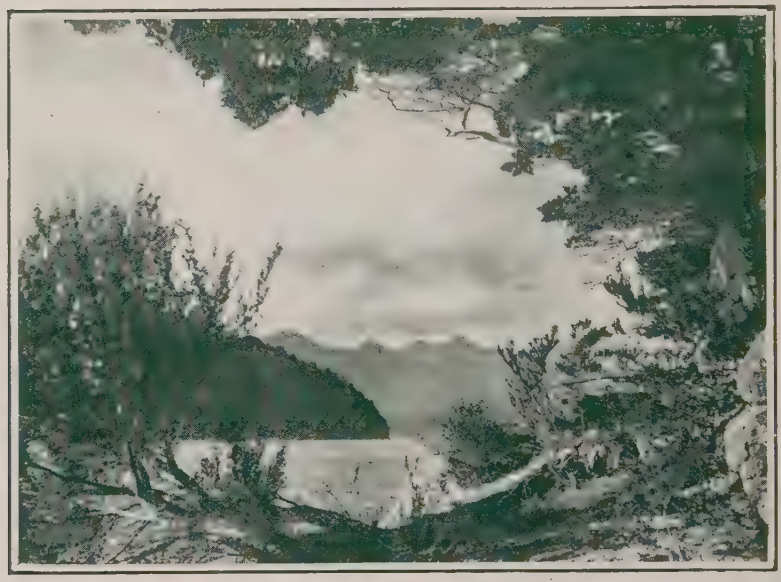
Or Motu-rau, the Lake of a Hundred Islands.

The route from Dunedin to the great lakes on the eastern fringe of the Fiordland National Park is by rail 137 miles to Lumsden, thence by vehicle along a rather rough road 52 miles to Manapouri or Te Anau. From Invercargill there are the alternatives of the Lumsden route or rail to Otautau township 31 miles, thence by road up the Waiau valley 69 miles to Manapouri. The principal landscape feature of the drive over the plains to the Lakes country is the curiously shaped mountain range of the Takitimu, between 5,000 and 6,000 feet, rising abruptly from the tussock levels into bold sierra summits. Takitimu is a mountain associated with poetic native folk-stories; its name commemorates a famous Maori-Polynesian canoe, which is said to have ended its voyage in Southland. Indeed the very range is spoken of figuratively as the petrified craft, and curiously enough its form roughly resembles a great upturned canoe. Between the places of accommodation on Te Anau and Manapouri there is a drive of twelve miles, parallel with the strong Waiau River, flowing out of Te Anau into its sister lake and thence to the sea. For those fond of adventurous life in the open there are opportunities of exploring the minor and little known lakes Monowai,* Hauroko, and Poutiritiri, all three very beautiful watersheets, bedded among the forested mountains, lying west of the Waiau River in the direction of Preservation Inlet. They may be reached from Clifden, on the Otautau-Manapouri road.

*Monowai is a name with a curious origin. It has been explained, as a combination of the Greek word *monos* ("one") and the Maori word *wai* ("water"). However, the correct Maori name of the lake, as given me by the Murihiku Maoris, is Manokiwai, originally a personal name. On referring the question to Mr. James McKerrow (formerly Surveyor-General) who first surveyed the lake, I received the following note from him:

"In September, 1862, when on my way through Riverton to engage in the reconnaissance survey of the country drained by the Waiau River, I met the well-known Maori Solomon (since deceased), and learned from him that there were two lakes in the bush west of the river. He said that he had never seen them, but an old woman in his *kaika* had seen them when a girl, and that their names were—as I made out from his pronunciation—'Howloko' and 'Monowai.' 'Howloko' has since been corrected to 'Hauroko.' And 'Manokiwai,' which you state is the name by which the lake is known to the South Island Natives to-day, may be the name that Solomon gave me, although I was unable at the time to come nearer to it than the hybrid 'Monowai,' meaning 'one water.' That designation, as it happens, is not inapt, as the lake is mainly fed by one river."

Manapouri is 23 miles in length from the small township at the point where the Waiau leaves the lake to the head of the west arm. It covers an area of 56 square miles, and it is so cut up into arms and small fiords that its coastline is reckoned at 85 miles. Its surface is 597 feet above sea-level, but so deep is its ice-gouged floor that it sinks far below sea-level; the maximum sounding obtained is 1,458 feet, in



View from Sandy Bay, Lake Manapouri. [*R. Murrell, photo*

about the middle of the lake. Manapouri is its map name, a name upon which many a poetic construction has been placed by New Zealand writers and by travellers from overseas, but the ancient and original Maori designation is a more fitting and descriptive title for the lake whose scenery carries so extraordinary a quality of beauty that it is universally set first in the Dominion's list of water-sheets. Motu-rau is not a well-known name; I first heard it from two of the oldest natives of Murihiku, the Southland country. These men in their young days made periodical ex-

Lake Manapouri, looking west. [R. Murrell, photo

peditions up into the lakes region, hunting for *weka* or "Maori hen," the *kakapo* or ground parrot, *kiwi*, and the rare and elusive *takahea*, the blue-plumaged notornis which is now believed to be extinct. Later they and other natives went shearing every year on the up-country pioneer sheep stations that bordered the western mountains, and so the Murihiku people remained familiar with Manapouri, Te Anau, Wanaka and other of the remote alpine lakes. And my Maori authorities declared that more than one of the great lakes had been wrongly named by the early surveyors, and in particular the lake that is the subject of this description.

Motu-rau, said Kupa Haereroa and Te Paina, of Oraka, on Foveaux Strait, was the name given long ago to the lake now called Manapouri ; the amazingly winding expanse of glittering water, with its fiord-like arms stretching far in among the snowy mountains, was so dotted with islands great and small that the name which means " Hundred Islands " or " Multitude of Islands " suggested itself to the Maori explorers when from a commanding hill-top they gazed over the lonely alpine sea. As for Manapouri, said the two brown elders of Oraka, it is simply a modernised rendering of the name Manawapore, or Manawapopore, signifying the violent throbbing of the heart, as after great exertion or under intense emotion. Manawa-pore is really the name of the North Mavora lake, a loftily-set, narrow, winding sheet of snow-fed water lying in the heart of the forested mountains between Lake Wakatipu and Lake Te Anau ; this name was mistakenly transferred to Motu-rau by some early European map-maker. The South Mavora lake is Hikuraki. Manawa-pore was a personal name, and was transferred to a landscape feature after the manner of many name-givers, *pakeha* and Maori. As Manapouri the many-isled lake will remain on the maps, and its broad-vowelled music will carry romantic suggestion to many a traveller who takes boat across its fairy waterways, but the true

title should not be permitted to vanish from recollection.

And no one who has ever set delighted eyes on Motu-Rau's gleaming length of blue and silver, green-bejewelled with islets like floating tree-groves, will deny the fitness of the name. Islands everywhere, some so large that they might have afforded a refuge place of old for a fugitive tribe, others so tiny, tiny as the

Manapouri, from the Channel Islands. [*R. Murrell, photo*

little isle in Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," that they give but standing-room for two or three shrubs. Islands of granite rock, some so smoothed and polished by ages of ice and water play that they resemble great rounded backs of plunging whales; others carrying a plenitude of soil and so foliaged with the *tawai* and the *rata*, so dainty in their waving dress of ferns, the waterside rock so enamelled with mosses of every hue, grey and emerald and red and vivid gold, that they come upon the vision like wild gardens. Photo-

graphs cannot bring to you the values of such a picture ; the greater glory lies in its wonderful colouring.

All around us they lie as we steer up the lake, these richly-painted parks of islands, cast like flowers upon the deep steel-blue. One archipelago, called the Channel Islands, stretches right across our bows, apparently blocking our course for the head of Moturau, and extending north and south in little sub-groups. We thread these islets, all mirrored like inverted tree-groves in the water. Our small craft passes within a few yards of the quickly sloping shores, and in some places the trees stretch their lichen-crusted boughs right over us. Some of the islets are mere dots of granite and sandstone, but all wooded wherever tree or shrub can find roothold, and the flowers of the Maori bush spangle the closely woven garmenting of green.

How many islands are there ? The counting is a puzzling task, defying the eye on a fleeting cruise, but an old settler in the Manapouri country who had explored every bay and islet told me that he made the number thirty-four, besides six smaller ones which were really only rocks. In flood time when the lake rises several feet above its normal level, some of the low-lying islets are submerged, while new ones are formed by the water temporarily covering small isthmuses, but the number generally remains the same, for the fresh isles so made and the little ones drowned equalize each other.

Mountains are around on every hand, snow-topped, wooded with a tropic plenitude of tree and fern up to a remarkably uniform line which, running along the ranges on either side as far as one can see—as if some giant scythe had cut a level clean along the slopes up to some 3,000 feet above the lake—denotes the limits of the birch forest and the stunted growth or bare and frost-seamed rocks of the winter snow zone. The beech and birch forests are sombre and monotonous from a distance, under a bright sun, as contrasted with the dazzling snows and the blue of the water ; but when the early morning light gilds them with

generous tints, or the soft purple haze of late afternoon bathes hill and island, the great woods take on a rich and wonderful beauty of their own.

Here is an Eden of wild birds. I know a tiny cove almost quite land-locked—there is a channel only just wide enough for our cruising craft to enter—where the beeches and *rimu* pines and fuchsia thickets shade a delectable place of ferns, cool and fragrant and moss-

[*Murrell, photo*
A 15 pointer head of red deer, shot by Mr. L. Murrell near Manapouri and presented to the New Zealand Government.

bordered. Here, in Safe Cove, as we rested on the beach one day, the birds were close about us, chattering joyously and feasting on the fuchsia (*konini*) berries. By imitating the sharp harsh cry of the *kaka* parrot we quickly had a whole flock of these curious birds close about us, jumping from bough to bough, screeching and crying stridently, and making all sorts of excited remarks about us in their noisy wood-language. The Maori bird-hunters were quick to take advantage of the *kaka's* gullibility and inquisitive-

ness by luring him within striking distance with the so-easily mimicked cry, or by using a decoy parrot, tied to a perch and rousing the forest with his screams. The *tui* and the bell-bird make music here all day long ; and here too are to be seen wild ducks and that rare and beautiful bird the crested grebe.

There are many places where Motu-rau resembles a great fiord of the sea-coast rather than an inland sheet of water, particularly when we sail up, ever opening out fresh glories of range and water view, into the western part which stretches out to within a short distance of Doubtful Sound. It is an amazing place ; no superlatives to which tongue can lay itself can exaggerate its landscape wonders. Mountains, up to five thousand feet, tower on either side—mountains of strange and savage shapes in dark grey rock ; mountains in velvety green ; mountains bathed in the indescribable blues and greys of distance, streaming with long thin cascades.

[*Murrell, photo*
A 14 pointer red deer stag's head, Manapouri.

This magnificence of mountain architecture becomes overpowering in its influence upon the senses as we steer along the northern shore under the mile-high precipices of the Cathedral Peaks. To all seeming one is in a great sea fiord like Breaksea or George Sound. The shadows take us here ; the cool, damp shadows of the awful cliffs that go up, up, straight from the immensely deep water for thousands of feet, cliffs eternally wet and for all their impregnable straightness embraced everywhere by a tropic-like forest. The bright blue lake beyond is steeped in

all the warmth of midsummer ; here we feel almost as in a cave, so forest-cool it is. And, indeed, we are even sprinkled by waterfalls, tenuous cascades, shooting from some sky-high gap and scattering in fine spray before they reach the surface of the lake. The familiar foliage of the *rimu* pine is here ; we find its golden-tasselled branches drooping almost over us, with its neighbours the *tawai* or beech and the twisty *rata*, wherever the severe slant of the shore-line is so mitigated as to afford the tall timber a footing. Tier above tier of these rounded tree-tops, up and back into the knife-like cañons purpled with the swimming mists ; trees hung with grey and golden mosses. Tremendous

N. Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo
Head of the Waiau River, where it flows out of Lake Manapouri.

chine-cuts those cañons slashed in the granite range-face ; narrow ravines two or three thousand feet deep. Out from every shadowy gulch comes a tearing-mad icy stream ; out of every lofty dip in the precipice front comes a silver-white feather of water. Absolutely perpendicular seems part of this vast precipice front ; it even appears to lean outwards, and the boat must back out for a full half-mile into the sunlit lake before it is possible for the traveller properly to appreciate the vast dimensions of these snow-powdered and glacier-jewelled palisades of the Hundred-Islands Lake.

Chapter IX.

LAKE TE ANAU, AND THE FIORDLAND NATIONAL PARK.

IF one were asked to point to the sector of these islands lying the most lonely and mystery-steeped there could be little hesitation in indicating that area of the great southern Fiordland country which lies between the western cliffs of Lake Te Anau and the West Coast Sounds. Here we have a territory of mountain, forest and alpine tarn more than fifty miles in length, with an average width of, say, thirty-five miles, extending from the snowy ranges above Lake Manapouri and the inner arms of Doubtful Sound up to the amazingly jumbled wilderness of peaks that stretch from the Clinton Valley across to where well-named Danger Mountain looms over the almost unknown Sutherland Sound. Te Anau's long many-elbowed waters part this vast wild land from the level lands and gently undulating downs of the big sheep men, and the contrast presented by the two shores of the deep, snow-fed lake is one of the topographical surprises of travel through the back country of Fiordland. All to the west is an enormously broken land, of implacably savage contour, a land of densely matted forests, ancient beyond all reckoning, jagged with peaks and ranges, craggily hostile, a forest and mountain land blue-dotted with lakes, white-threaded with torrential rivers, a-roar with waterfalls of unsurveyed height ; and above all a land of utter solitude. In all this vast Sounds region, from Milford down to the southern side of Dusky Sound, there is but one permanent home of man—at the head of Milford—and that spot is without the bounds of the wonderland which the old Maoris of Murihiku describe generally as Te Rua o te Moko.

Even to-day, after more than forty years of intermittent exploration endeavour, the formidable territory between Te Anau and the procession of fiords on the west—Sutherland, Bligh, George, Caswell, Charles, Thompson and Doubtful Sounds—is but vaguely known and imperfectly surveyed. Plucky seekers of routes to the huge clefts that come in from the Tasman Sea have carried their swags across from Te Anau's deep,

Wilmot Pass

[*W. A. Kennedy, photo*

The Wilmot Pass between Deep Cove, at the head of Doubtful Sound, and Lake Manapouri. View near Deep Cove.

narrow arms, have discovered chains of smaller lakes, and have mapped the mountains and other features so far as was possible on trails tremendously difficult of travel and hemmed in by seemingly unclimbable ranges. The names of Hankinson, Mitchell, Quintin McKinnon, Richard Henry, Sir Thomas McKenzie, Murrell, are associated with the partial lifting of the veil of mystery from this land of huge solitariness. Each party of surveyors and explorers contributed something to our knowledge of the west country; but it cannot be doubted that patient prospecting will

be rewarded by the discovery of many a strange landscape hitherto hidden from human eyes, and maybe treasures for the miner as well as for the naturalist and the artist.

Te Anau is the second largest lake in New Zealand ; its length is about 40 miles ; its width varies from 1 to 6 miles, its depth about 900 feet.

Government steamer at the head of Lake Te Anau. [*N. Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*

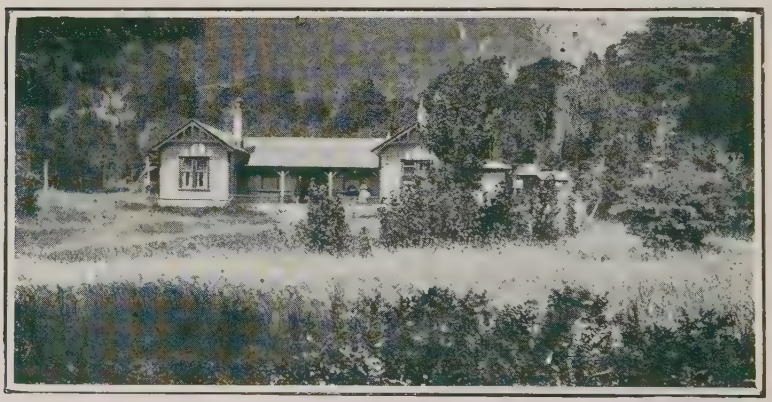
The peculiar glory of the voyage in the lake steamer to the head begins when the South Fiord is opened up. This fiord is sixteen miles long and trends into the mountains in the direction of Doubtful Sound ; a curious chain of little lakes draining into its head extends to within two miles of Bradshaw Sound. At least a dozen mapped mountain lakes send their waters into the lake-fiord, beside smaller tarns. Looking westward this calm, early morning, when the night mists have lifted from the lake and the waters lie soft blue beneath a cloudless sky, we see the green shoulders of the Murchison Mountains sinking to Te Anau's

waveless surface. On a *tawai* terrace stands a deserted hut, in ruins; this was Quintin McKinnon's; as we steer northward we hear stories of that plucky explorer who lost his life when sailing his whaleboat single-handed on the lake on a stormy day in 1892. Coasting along, huge craggy peaks tower above, running up to nearly six thousand feet, with the summits of the Stuart Mountains right ahead, the barriers of the Middle Fiord. Soon this deep indent of Te Anau opens out on the left, a calm sound of blue, embanked by high green walls of forest, and mounting into misty blue peaks. The quiet waters are strewn with islands, more than a score of them, wooded everywhere; the moss-hung trees trail their branches in the glimmer-glass.

Far in there, in the solitudes of the two-pronged fiord, twelve or thirteen miles from the open waters of Te Anau, is a toilsome and perilous way to George Sound. On that trail—if it can be called a trail, seeing that years pass without human foot pressing the mossy depths of the all-encompassing forest—there is a very beautiful lake, five miles long, flanked by 5,000-feet glaciated peaks; this lonely water-sheet is called Lake Hankinson, after its discoverer.

Here recollections come of the legends gathered from some of the old Maoris of Murihiku, from Kupa Haereroa and Te Paina and their kin—who themselves are part of Ngati-Mamoe—of the mysterious vanishing of a vanquished tribe in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The savage regions to the west of Te Anau were the last refuge of several *hapus* of the Ngati-Mamoe, after their repeated defeats at the hands of the Ngai-Tahu tribe. At the foot of the lake a body of fugitives were building rafts (*mokihi*) in order to cross the lake to the west when a strong war-party suddenly charged down upon them. A number of the 'Mamoe succeeded in crossing to the northern side of the South Fiord and escaped into the forests, but the majority of the people were delayed, according to the word-of-mouth story, by the construction of

a large raft, which was not finished when Ngai-Tahu attacked. The implacable pursuers did not stop even at Te Anau's shores, but followed the fugitives across to the shores of the South Fiord, where the final battle was fought. Here most of the Ngati-Mamoe were killed, including their chief Pukutahi, who was described as a giant of a man covered with long hair. The survivors disappeared forever into the forests of terrible gloom, resounding with the roar of water-



[*H. C. Peart, photo*

Glade House, Government Accommodation House, at the head of Lake Te Anau.

falls and the thunder of alpine avalanches. The Southern Maoris believe that they paddled their frail rafts up the lake to the Middle and North Fiords and thence made their difficult way through the wilderness to the northernmost of the West Coast Sounds—Caswell, George, and Bligh Sounds, and possibly Milford, where traces of native inhabitants were discovered in the early seventies.

Now our little steamer shears smoothly past the North Fiord, with one green islet at its entrance. The mountains are more tremendously ramparted, more snow-powdered. The body of the lake, too, narrows in and is more wooded at the water edge. Then all at once the water-view broadens into the splendid sweeping curve of the Head of the Lake. Yonder

on the port hand is the Worsley Arm ; its quality of beauty eludes all the skill of artist or penman. One can only attempt to reduce to writing some hint of the gorgeous colouring which steeps this enchanted reach of glassy-calm water by saying that the blue lake is a reflex of the alpine glories around it ; that the

The *takahea* or Notornis Hochstetteri, a very rare flightless bird of the Fiordland Country. This specimen, caught in 1898, is in the Dunedin Museum.

glowing sky is cut by sharp peaks of blue-grey rock and glittering snow and ice ; and that over the twilight forests and the cascade-seamed precipices, is drawn the gauziest veil of haze, like fairy smoke, soft-toning all the landscape. That is the frontier of fiordland, its climbing forests the gateway to a

place at once the most solitary and the most amazing in its quality of landscape beauty that these islands hold; for here begins the wonderful walk up the Clinton Cañon and over McKinnon's Pass to Milford Sound.

Te Anau to Milford Sound.

The distance from Glade House, the Government place of accommodation at the north end of Lake Te Anau, to the head of Milford Sound is 33 miles, a journey which is done on foot, occupying two to three days, according to the strength and inclination of the traveller. The walk is easy except for the steep ascent and descent of McKinnon's Pass, the great saddle between the head of the Clinton Cañon and the valley of the Arthur River flowing into Milford Sound. This Pass summit is 1,800 feet above the Clinton and some 2,800 feet above the head of the Arthur. There are Government shelter huts, iron-roofed little bush chalets, in most beautiful surroundings at convenient stages, 10 and 19 miles from Glade House—a camp on each side of the Pass—and there are Government caretakers and guides, so that the summer tourist is very well looked after. The pedestrian should travel light, and will be wise to provide himself with some preparation against the bites of mosquitoes and sandflies, a pest in all this Fiordland Country.

The first section of the overland tour is up the noble Clinton Cañon for 14 miles to the foot of the Pass. This wonderful glacier-carved trough of a valley is walled by vertical cliffs of 2,000 to 3,000 feet, overtopped again by steeply sloping mountains shooting 6,000 and 7,000 feet into the sky. From the lake to near the Pass foot the valley is wooded, and very beautiful indeed is the walk through the mossy beech forest, through the thickets of flowering ribbonwood or lacebark, along the right bank of the glass-clear Clinton River. A forest, too, ringing with bird-song; all this vast Fiordland is a sanctuary for native avi-

The Milford Sound Track. [*After a map of the N. Z. Tourist Dept.*

fauna. As the trail approaches the head of the cañon the rock-scapes on each hand become grander; the colossal granite wall on the left is scarped like some heaven-high parapet of the mountain gods. The tremendous grey walls are lined with cataracts, descending not merely hundreds but thousands of feet from the crowning snowfields.

[N.Z. Gov't. Publicity, photo

In the Beech Forest on the track from McKinnon's Pass to Milford Sound.

Four miles beyond the first huts (an old-time explorer's camp christened Pompalona) is a dark amber little lake called Mintaro, the most mystic looking of forest pools.

The swift flowing but shallow waters of the Upper Clinton are crossed and the ascent of McKinnon's Pass begins. The cañon-head is a sight unequalled except by the mile-high granite cliffs of Milford itself. It curves round in an enormous cataract-whitened crescent without chine or cut, a continuous cirque of adamant that completely bars the valley. Two mono-

lithic peaks, 6,000 to 7,000 feet, overtower the cañon-head—Mt. Hart on the left, Balloon Peak on the right. Between them curves down McKinnon's Pass, and up that wall-like ridge the track goes in zigzags, through clinging gardens of alpine flowers.

Then there is the view from the Pass-top, pictures of alpine magnificence beyond the powers of pen or

[*N. Z. Govt., Tourist Dept., photo*

The head of the Clinton Cañon, from the summit of McKinnon's Pass looking west. The cliffs of bare rock rise 3,000ft. sheer above the valley.

camera. The rock architecture of this amazing land, the ice-carved pinnacles, the mist-filled ravines, the leagues of mountains streaked with mad waterfalls—all daze the eye, confuse all one's sense of proportions.

Here on the narrow Pass summit, nearly 3,500 feet high, is a rough-hewn cairn with an inscribed granite slab erected by the Gaelic Society of Dunedin in memory of Quintin McKinnon, the discoverer of this route between Te Anau and Milford.

The Sutherland Waterfall.

Descending the watershed to the Arthur Valley there is a picture of savage grandeur directly opposite, Mt. Elliott, a huge black mountain with a glacier, the Jervois, flashing its white fire across the deep valley. Then down into the mossy forests again, and along the banks of the roaring little rivers, until the Quintin or Sutherland Huts are reached, in a little clearing among the sheltering beech woods. A track $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles takes one from this camp to the foot of the Sutherland Fall, over 1,900 feet high, long and narrow, a ribbon of water against the great mountain wall over which it drops. It was discovered on November 10, 1880, by Donald Sutherland, the pioneer of Milford Sound; he was then in company with John Mackay, gold-prospecting. McKinnon spent several years path-finding in the unknown country between Te Anau and the West Coast Sounds, and after many unsuccessful attempts to find a pass through the mountains to Milford, he made his final and successful effort in the spring of 1888. Mr. C. W. Adams, Chief Surveyor of Otago, was then camped at the foot of the Sutherland Falls, taking measurements of the height of that great water-leap. McKinnon was known to be somewhere inland endeavouring to make his way to the coast, but he had not been heard of for many weeks. One of Mr. Adams' men said one morning that he had noticed three "explorers" coming over a dip in the mountains. By this he meant three black swans, flying from inland, and he remarked that he would not be surprised if that was where the pass was to be found. A few days later (October, 1888),

[*R. Murrell, photo*
Quintin McKinnon, the explorer; discoverer of McKinnon's Pass.

McKinnon came over the place where the swans had flown, and joined the Adams party in the Arthur Valley.

The first and only man to scale the lofty parapet over which the waterfall pours was a daring young surveyor named William Quill. This was in 1890. Less than a year afterwards Quill met a lonely death while exploring the country between the head of Lake Wakatipu and Milford Sound. The following letter written by Quill to Mr. C. W. Adams describes the difficulties and perils of the climb :—

"On Sunday, March 9th, 1890, after breakfast, I left the Beech Hut in my usual climbing costume, taking with me also a billhook, a rope for lowering, an alpenstock, and a piece of calico, on which were painted with hematite my name and the date. The fall comes down a precipitous cliff which forms the saddle between Mount Sutherland and Mount Hart, and up this face to the top I had determined to go. On leaving the base I kept on the left or eastern side, about three of four chains distant from the edge of the fall. The climbing up to the head of the lowest leap is not very difficult, but beyond that it begins to get steeper, and as the face is of smooth granite rock one has to be careful; while in some places there is neither hand nor foothold—crawling on all fours is the only way of getting up. Of course, by keeping closer to the fall I could have taken advantage of the scant herbage which there offers a precarious handhold, but owing to the quantity of spray brought down by the fall, I judged it better to keep away if I wished to make the ascent with a dry skin. On getting up about 700 feet or 800 feet I encountered a thick growth of a nasty kind of scrub, which extended up to the top of the middle leap, and this, with the increasing steepness of every foot, and the continuous spray which now came down on me from the upper leap like rain, made my progress exceedingly slow. With every foot higher I climbed the air became keener and colder. I had to creep as best I could through this stunted scrub, as it would delay me very much to use the billhook. The shingle and water-grass that surround the foot of the upper leap are remarkably level for so great a height; in fact, the foot of this leap is not unlike the foot of the lower leap. The upper leap, descending perpendicularly, strikes a rocky pool, creating a powerful blast, which drives the spray with blinding force in all directions, sometimes down the middle leap, sometimes right out towards Mount Hart. A curious thing occurs here. The water dashes from the pool down a race fully two chains long before it takes its second great leap. The grade of this race is, I should say, about 1 foot in 16 feet.

"But now commenced the real climb. A steady hand and a strong nerve were all that kept me from slipping if I chanced to look down, and the least slip would send me down the perpendicular rock to be dashed to pieces hundreds of feet below. As I was nearing the top I had to work to the left to avoid a high precipice, and at last after three and a half hours' hard climbing, I came out on the brow of the cliff. The spot where I came out was about three or four chains to the left of the fall. I travelled down this brow—which in formation is somewhat similar to Balloon Saddle, and now I stood at the summit of the highest waterfall in the world. As I stood I turned towards the south and discovered a beautiful lake about a mile wide; but its length I was unable to guess as the eastern end was shut in by a shoulder of Mount Hart. The lake is fed by the immense glacier on Mount Sutherland; lower down several small waterfalls and streamlets from the glaciers emptying themselves into the lake form a pretty spectacle. On the south side the lake is totally hemmed in by a range of peaks, which I have named the 'Nicholas Mountains,' at the foot of which is a pebbly shore; but on the north side Mounts Sutherland and Hart descend perpendicularly to the water's edge. The view from the brow on which I was standing was indescribably magnificent.

"This lake is the reservoir of the Sutherland waterfalls. The outlet or race is a deep chasm about 100 yards in length, 12 feet wide at the bottom, and with steep sides in some places over 50 feet in height. The water rushes through this chasm with great force and swiftness, making a terrible noise. I think that this chasm has a fall of about 1 foot in 12 feet, or possibly 1 foot in 10 feet. On the Mount Hart side I was able to descend in the chasm to the very water's edge, and I managed to go up the race towards the lake for about 25 yards; and although the entrance at the lake could be seen very plainly, beyond that it appears impossible to go.

"Within about 10 yards from the lower end of this chasm the water strikes a face of rock, and after making a pretty curved leap in the air (somewhat after the manner of the Bowen Falls but on a smaller scale) it falls again to shoot along with increased rapidity until it disappears over the face of the cliff, and from this point its course is best seen from below. Close to the edge of this chasm, and as near to the top of the fall as there was holding ground I erected my calico flag, which can be seen by the naked eye from any point whence the fall itself is visible. On my return journey I came down from the flag to base in two hours and a half without a scratch or bruise. P.S.—The Sutherland Fall is 1,904 feet high, and strikes the rocky precipice twice in its descent, forming three leaps, the upper being 815 feet, the middle one 751 feet, and the lower 338 feet."

The bush track to the frothing pool at the foot of the Fall is a true fairy forest trail. Beeches (*tawai*),

[*N.Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*
In the forest near Sutherland Falls, Milford Sound Track.

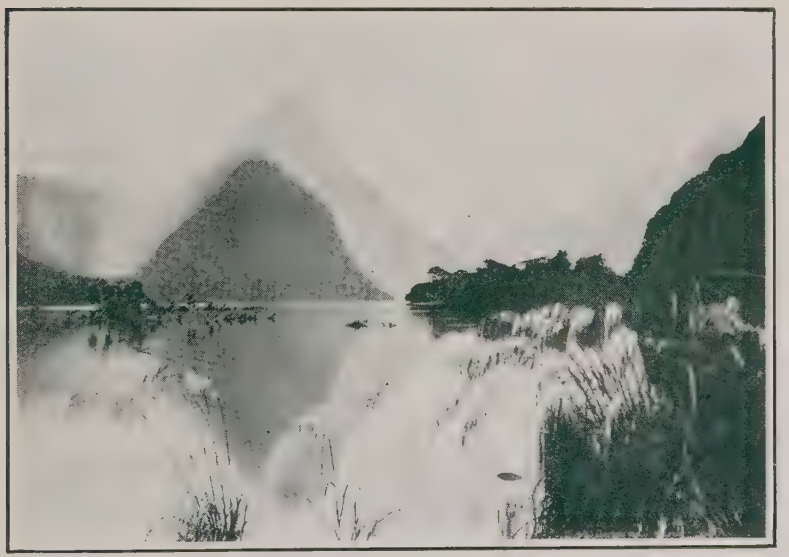
rata, silver-birch and other fine trees tower around us and interlock their branches overhead, swaying with beards of grey and crimson moss. There are dells of the most beautiful ferns, from tree-ferns with waterfalls of fan-fronds, to the tiny plants that carpet the mossy ground or climb the boles of the giant beeches. The trees take all attitudes—some shooting like pillars, straight and tall, some leaning athwart-

[*N.Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*
On the Arthur Valley Track between McKinnon's Pass and Milford Sound, near Lake Ada.

ships, twisting their great boughs. There are dim and mossy caves and fern-fringed grottos, and under the arching tree-roots are mysterious looking recesses, hiding-places for one knows not what strange feathered creatures. This is Kakapo and Kiwi Land, the most favoured haunt of the shy night-creatures. And in the comfortable camp-huts the traveller will veritably smell "wood-smoke at twilight," may hear "the birch-log burning," and listen to the voices of

[*N. Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*

The Arthur River, between McKinnon's Pass and Milford Sound.



Milford Sound and Mitre Peak. [*Muir and Moody, photo*

the night—the doleful cry of the weka, the high call of the kiwi, the "drumming" of the night-roving kakapo, the steady never-ceasing sound of the near-by waterfalls, and over all in the quiet hours the strong thunder of the mighty Sutherland cataract.

Through the lovely forest the foot-road goes to the shore of Lake Ada, crossing streams by rustic bridges, skirting waterfalls. By way of variety there is a boat-row across the long snag-dotted Lake, with the indomitable scarp of the Sheerdown Mountains on the right front, dropping nearly three-quarters of a mile almost vertically to the head of Milford Sound. At well-named Sandfly Point a motor-launch is boarded for the two-mile run to the solitary but comfortable accommodation house on the upper basin of the famous fiord.

The Palisades of Milford.

Compared with some of the great sea-fiords of the Northern Hemisphere, and with Dusky or Doubtful Sound further down the coast, Milford Sound is not long—it is ten miles from entrance to head—but its glory, a gloomy glory often, lies in the exceeding boldness of the cliff architecture. Its mile-high walls of glaciated granite, against which a 500-feet waterfall looks but a puny spout, confine the narrow deep fiord in uplifts of sheer precipice.

In its narrowest part, between Mitre Peak and the palisades of the Kimberley Range the sea-cañon is scarcely more than a quarter of a mile in width. It is truly a cañon, for on either side the dark ramparts go up, up 3,000 to 5,000 feet vertically. Here the Sound is over 1,000 feet deep, so that the great mass called the Lion Rock, if the fiord were dried, would show a vertical face of smooth shaven granite at least 4,000 feet. The true proportions of these walls of Milford defy the camera; no photograph can reproduce their overpowering aspect. It remains for some great painter to interpret on canvas the hugeness,

The Mighty Walls of Milford. [*N. Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*

[*N. Z. Govt., Tourist Dept., photo*

Looking up Milford Sound from Windbound Point.

the all-dominating character of their dark imprisoning uplift from the darker waters. Then in rear, like a grim reserve force, are the ice-capped mountains, the outliers of the Southern Alps, which here closely approach the sea — Mount Tutoko ("sky-prop"), which attains an altitude of something over 9,000 feet; and Mount Pembroke, 6,700 feet. Both of these fine peaks have large glaciers, which, seen from the wooded valleys below, seem to plunge into the arms of the green forest. After heavy rain is the time of all to see Milford, when the front of the cliffs for leagues around is flashing with waterfalls, any one of which temporarily eclipses the Sutherland cataract in height. The Bowen and Stirling Falls are the two great permanent falls; the former near the head of the sound, close to the accommodation house, is remarkable for the parabolic curve in which it makes its final shooting drop of over 500 feet to the level of the fiord.

* * * *

The mists of morning are slowly lifting from the face of the waters, when we board the motor-launch for a cruise to the ocean-mouth of Milford. The song of many birds comes from the woods, and the thudding of an unseen waterfall—the Bowen—resounds from the fog that shrouds the tall cliffs on our right. For all else the great fiord is wrapped in the silence of an age primeval. Heading out into the Sound, we steer straight for Mitre Peak, always a spectacle of marvel. It shoots up high above us, blue and awful, through the drifting clouds. To the left of the peak is a deep purpled valley, like a huge cup, sweeping up on either side in dense forests to the mountain-rims, and opening towards us in a sloping hollow, through which a rocky stream hurries to the Sound. This is Sinbad Gully, so named by the pioneer of Milford. Now the sun overleaps the mountain-barriers, and the fog sweeps away from the face of the quickly-brightening waters. Away to our right is another deep valley, where Harrison Cove bends in to the wooded northern

The Bowen Fall, at the head of Milford Sound. [*H. C. Peart, photo*

shore. The forests grow to the clear water's edge, and stretch in green and blue gloom far up into the mountains. High above, the glacier of Mount Pembroke flames gloriously in the sun. Soon, speeding down the southern shores, we closely skirt the base of Mitre Peak, and gaze up in ever-growing wonder at the wall of granite, lifting five thousand feet sheer above us. Patches of shrubs and ferns splash the grey precipice with green, and waterfalls are everywhere. Wherever the mountain slopes less abruptly there are rich and even tropic-like woods ; this is one of New Zealand's great rain-forest regions. There are mountain palms or *titoi* (cordyline indivisa), and *mamaku* fern-trees, and everywhere the long drooping pointed leaves of the *kiekie* (Freycinetia banksii) fringe the dripping rocks. Maori legend says that this *kiekie* sprang from the torn-off strips of the *pokeka* or fibre cloak worn by the first explorer of this wonderful place, Tama-ki-te-rangi, the captain of the Tairea canoe.

Further down the Sound we come to Anita Bay, a calm crescent-shaped indent on the left as we go seaward. This was a haunt of the old-time seal-hunters. High above on the slopes of the Mitre Peak range there are deposits of the famous *tangiwai* or bowenite, the greenstone sought after so much by Maori and *pakeha* alike. Pretty worn pebbles of this stone are often found amongst the boulders on the shore ; but the sand-flies are in millions in these parts, and guard well the treasures of the Greenstone Land. The discovery of this *tangiwai* reef is described in figurative fashion in the legend of Tama-ki-te-Rangi. Tama's wives had deserted him, and he searched for them all along this forbidding coast, from Cook Strait southward. Arriving at Piopiotahi (Milford Sound) he found one of his *wahines*, but she had been turned into greenstone ; and as Tama wept over her, his tears penetrated the very rock. This is why the greenstone found on the slopes of Mitre Peak is called *tangi-wai*, the water of weeping, or tear-water. If

The Stirling Fall and Mt. Pembroke, Milford Sound. [*H. C. Peart, photo*

you take a clear piece of this stone, and hold it up to the light, you will sometimes see marks like water-drops in it.

Maori canoes—and, in later times, open boats—have been known to cruise long distances around these coasts for the purpose of obtaining greenstone. The last Maori expedition in boats to Milford for *tangiwai* was about the year 1876. At the time of our cruise round Milford there was a greenstone-hunting schooner from Dunedin, low and black of hull, like some picturesque pirate craft, lying moored to the trees in well-sheltered Anita Bay.

Glacial excavation has commonly been credited with the formation of the West Coast Sounds, and of the hanging valleys which are so remarkable a feature of the fiords, but many geologists have adopted the tectonic theory, that the formation of these wonderful inlets was due in the first place to earth-movements and fractures, and that glaciers and rivers simply continued the work. Some apply the same theory to the great lakes. The fiord territory, on this hypothesis, has been vastly fractured and subjected to uplift and subsidence ; then came the glaciers to grind and smooth the walls and floors of the colossal valleys. The subject is a fascinating one for observation and discussion by those who visit these southern fiords and lakes.

The name of Donald Sutherland is inseparably associated with Milford Sound. Sutherland was known as " the hermit of Milford," a title that certainly fitted him in the earlier period of his forty years in Fiordland. He was a big powerful Scot who had been sailor and soldier ; he served for several years in the New Zealand Colonial forces in the Hauhau wars, and became a skilful scout and bushman. In 1876 he settled all by himself at Milford, pitching his tent at the head of the Sound where the accommodation house now stands. There he lived for some years absolutely alone, seal-hunting and gold-prospecting. His dog, his gun, his boat and his hunting and treasure-seeking

expeditions gave him all the company and occupation he desired. There in his tent and then in his *whare*, in the little backwater of a basin with the thunder of the Bowen Fall always in his ears, he spent many a month in perfect solitude; the only human being on the shores of all the Fiord country. A lonely life in this tremendous place, oppressive to the mind in its overmastering mountain architecture, a life aggravated by the plagues of mosquitoes and sandflies, would drive many people crazy. But Donald Sutherland was an unusual type of man, a man like Quintin McKinnon, who did not require the backing of company in these vast mysterious places where so many secrets of Nature were to be laid bare.

Donald Sutherland. The pioneer of Milford Sound and discoverer of the Sutherland Falls. (Sutherland died at Milford Sound in 1919). [*H. C. Peart, photo*

Sutherland had some strange fancies. One of them was that there were diamonds in the Milford country; and the name of Sinbad Gully, which he gave to a terribly rough bush defile, threaded by a rocky water course, that comes down on the eastern side of Mitre Peak—two of us spent an arduous afternoon with Sutherland up that awful gully—is a reminder of the explorer's notion, suggested by the story of Sinbad

the Sailor, that there was wealth galore in the valley if it could only be unearthed. Strange living things he saw, too, in these marvellous solitudes as he sailed his boat along the feet of the mountains. When he was joined by a mate, John Mackay, he explored the shores of Lake Ada and the Arthur Valley, and on November 10, 1880, discovered the great waterfall that now bears his name.

Chapter X.

FIORDS SOUTH OF MILFORD SOUND.

THE West Coast south of Milford for a hundred miles is deeply indented with fiords cut like vast trenches far into the heart of the mountains and the forests. Several of these fiords are far longer than Milford and in some parts almost equal it in the amazing dimensions of the precipices and the cañon-like character of the sea-arms. Lofty and steep-to mountains surround all the sounds, and the all-encompassing forest comes down to the clear deep waters. Waterfalls of great height flash through the bush, and wooded islands lie on the calm inner waters or make an ocean fronting barrier of shelter for the sound-mouths.

Going south from the entrance to Piopiotahi, otherwise Milford, the first fiord is Sutherland Sound, a small indent very seldom visited. Next, sixteen miles south of Milford, is Bligh Sound, named after the commander of the celebrated "Bounty." Its entrance is conspicuously indicated by two remarkable mountains, Mt. Longsight (4,600 ft.) and Table Mountain. The Sound has three reaches, with wild and lofty mountains impending over them; the soundings are deep close to the precipitous shores.

Six miles S.W. by S. from Bligh Sound is the entrance to George Sound. This beautiful fiord, surrounded by exceedingly rugged mountains up to 5,000 ft. in height, is ten miles in length and nearly a mile in width for the first seven miles. There is good anchorage in 15 fathoms in Anchorage Cove, on the north side, six miles within the entrance. Here vessels sometimes make fast to the trees that grow to the water's edge. A mile above this cove the sound trends E.S.E. three miles, and then divides into two arms, S.E. and S.W., the one, one and a half miles and

the other three miles long, with a small island towards the head of each. At the head of the S.E. arm is a small cove, with a hut ; from this place there is a rough trail overland to the head of the middle fiord of Lake Te Anau. A short distance in from the cove are Lake Alice and Lake Katherine ; then Lake Hankinson is skirted on the way to Te Anau. On the shore of Lake Katherine the first two wapiti deer shot in the Southern Hemisphere were killed (1923). One was a well-grown bull, with 14-point antlers, length 53 in., spread 49 in., and weight of horn 34 lb. ; the other was a 15 pointer, spread 53 in., length 49 in., weight 27 lb. The wapiti from a herd introduced from North America some seventeen years ago are believed to be thriving on the bush feed and the snow-grass in the open spaces among the mountains. Further west, at Lake Marchant, in from the head of Caswell Sound, the pioneer hunters (L. Murrell and E. V. Donald) got another wapiti, a young bull with exceptionally long antlers (weight 35 lbs., length 48 in., spread 40 in.). Southward at the head of Dusky Sound, there are moose, but none have so far been taken.

Caswell Sound, 13 miles south of George Sound, is nine miles long, with a ship entrance narrowed to $3\frac{1}{2}$ cables by an island off the south head. The greatest width of the fiord is about a mile ; the shores are very lofty and steep and are densely and luxuriantly wooded. As in the case of most of these fiords the entrance is comparatively shallow, with very deep water inside. A narrow belt across the entrance has 20 to 40 fathoms of water on it ; immediately within the depth increases suddenly to considerably over 100 fathoms. The shoal at the entrance is the old glacial moraine.

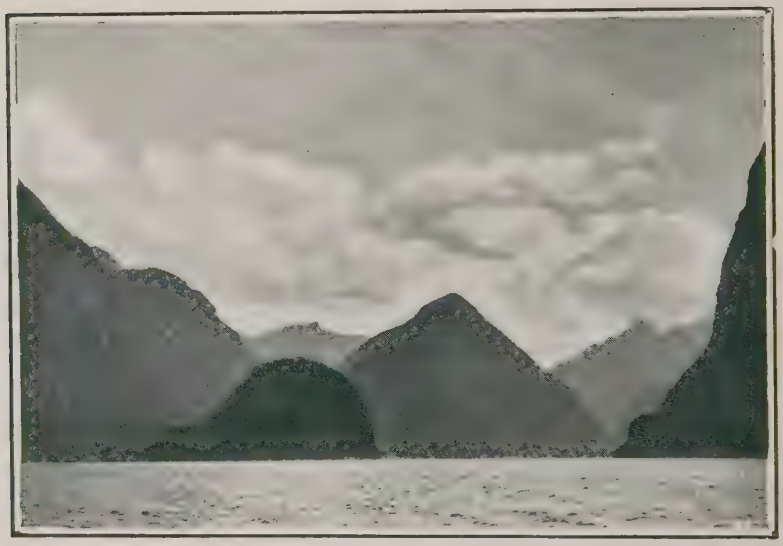
Charles Sound, three miles S.W. of Caswell, is seven miles in length, and about half a mile in width. The soundings at the entrance, as given in the "New Zealand Pilot," are 38 to 55 fathoms, increasing within to 110 fathoms. The inner part of the fiord

[*W. A. Kennedy, photo*

A Fiordland Cascade: Helena Fall, in Deep Cove, at the head of Doubtful Sound.

is forked into two arms, each three miles long; there are a number of small islands.

Nancy Sound—like Caswell and Charles, very seldom visited by any vessel except small sealing craft—is four miles south of Charles Sound. It is eight miles long, very narrow at the entrance, and opening out within to about three-quarters of a mile.



[*N. Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*
The entrance to Hall's Arm from Smith Sound, Doubtful Sound.

Three miles further south is Thompson Sound, a beautiful fiord of serpentine contour, winding in for ten miles among the mountains. It joins Doubtful Sound at the southern end of Secretary Island, a lofty wooded island which forms its western barrier. Bradshaw Sound, a splendid arm, runs in about ten miles, and has glorious landscapes on either hand, the mountains here are between 4,000 and 5,000 ft. in height.

Doubtful Sound, a place of magnificent pictures, is a system of arms and coves rather than a single fiord. The inner shoreline of Doubtful and its connected fiords is estimated at about a hundred miles.

[*W. A. Kennedy, photo*

Deep Cove, at the head of Smith's Sound, Doubtful Sound.

There are three principal sub-fiords—Smith Sound, Crooked Sound, and Hall's Arm. At the head of the sound is Deep Cove, where there are a Government hut for travellers and a whaleboat. From here a rough forest track leads through the mountains to the head of Lake Manapouri, about eleven miles. At the head of Deep Cove is a splendid waterfall of about 700 ft. ; it has been named the Glory Fall. Hall's Arm is a particularly grand fiord ; in some places the lofty sides of the deep waterway are only about a quarter of a mile apart. The Arm is four miles long and its head is within a short distance of an arm of Breaksea Sound. Bauza Island, just within the entrance to Doubtful, is a place with an interesting scrap of history. It was named after one of the officers of the Spanish navigator Malaspina's expedition who was sent in with an armed boat's crew to reconnoitre the entrance, in the year 1793. The narrative of the expedition of Malaspina, whose ships were the corvettes "Descubierta" and "Atrevida," is given in Dr. McNab's book "Murihiku," which details much of the early history of these sounds.

Dagg's Sound, a small fiord seven miles S.W. of Doubtful, has an entrance a mile wide, narrowing within. The sound trends E. by S. for nearly five miles and then branches into two arms, each about two miles long. There are mountains of between 3,000 and 4,000 ft. on either side, and the sight of these heights after heavy rain, when they are streaming with waterfalls, is grand beyond description. The same indeed can be said of all the sounds. Commander Richards, of H.M. surveying vessel "Acheron," which lay in Dagg's Sound in 1851, narrated that after two days' steady rain, which produced many great cascades on either side, the water alongside the ship was for a considerable depth below the surface perfectly fresh. The "Acheron's" anchorage was at the head of the northern arm.

Breaksea Sound comes next, 12 miles S. by W. from Daggs ; its entrance is marked by Breaksea Island,

Pickersgill Harbour, Dusky Sound. [*N. Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*

Facile Harbour, Dusky Sound. [*N Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*

which the Murihiku Maoris named Huruhuru-koekoea ("Feathers of the long-tailed cuckoo"). Breaksea's waters are of immense depth in many places; on the north side a sounding of 284 fathoms (1,704 feet) was obtained. The fiord is connected with Dusky Sound by a deep and narrow passage named after H.M.S. "Acheron." The passage is eight miles long and half a mile wide; its western wall is Resolution

In Wet Jacket Arm, Dusky Sound. [*N.Z. Govt., Publicity Dept., photo*

Island (Taumoana), a large wooded island which was one of the first State sanctuaries for the preservation of New Zealand's native birds. Acheron is a place of majestic mountain-scapes. The precipices, wooded with tropic-like jungly thickness, look up 3,000 and 4,000 ft. on each side of the deep calm channel. In the middle of the passage soundings have shown 200 fathoms, and depths of 80 fathoms are found within a few feet of the great cliffs. Half-way through the passage Wet Jacket Arm is opened out on the east side; it is six miles long and about one-third of a mile

wide; it is notable, even in this land of countless great waterfalls, for the number and magnitude of the cascades which pour down its mountain walls after heavy rain. Dusky Sound is about 22 miles in length from ocean to head; it has numerous subsidiary fiords and is strewn with wooded islands. Near Sealer's Cove, Anchor Island, close to the southern entrance, there are more than forty islets within the radius of a mile. Here in Dusky we are in story-land; it is the most historic place in the Fiords region. Captain Cook discovered and named it the Great Sound in 1770, and in 1773 he spent six weeks at anchor in Pickersgill Harbour, on the south side, so close to the shore that his ship the "Resolution's" yards and the tree branches interlocked. The site of Cook's clearing on a hill above the cove is still to be traced. The great navigator became friendly with a small party of Maoris whom he found living on an island he called "Indian Island," near Pickersgill Harbour. These Maoris were no doubt Ngati-Kuri, with perhaps Ngati-Mamoe wives. Old natives of Murihiku gave me the names of Maru, Te Ao-paraki, and a woman named Ki-mai-waho as those of the three principal inhabitants of Dusky at this period, and it is extremely likely that Maru was the chief who went on board the "Resolution" and exchanged gifts with Captain Cook. It was he who pursued a remnant of the Ngati-Mamoe round the coast about the middle of the eighteenth century, after defeating them at Preservation Inlet.

The first sealing-gang in New Zealand waters was landed in 1792 at Facile Harbour, on Resolution Island, by the ship "Britannia," of Sydney. Here, too, was built the first *pakeha* vessel in New Zealand. A teak-built East Indiaman of 800 tons, the ship "Endeavour," bound from Sydney to India, put in here leaking in 1795 and was abandoned; her remains lie at the bottom of Facile Harbour. Her crew set to work and completed the building of a small vessel which had been constructed by the "Britannia's"

sealing-party, and in this little craft, called the "Providence," some of the "Endeavour's" sailed for Norfolk Island after the abandonment of their ship. Some of the others decked the ship's longboat and sailed across the Tasman Sea. A number of the ship's people were time-expired and escaped convicts from Botany Bay who had stowed away in her; these were landed at Norfolk Island, then a penal station.

[*Havelock Williams, photo*

In Preservation Inlet, South-West Coast.

Chalky Inlet, also known as Dark Cloud Inlet, has a conspicuous Chalky Island, so named from its white cliffs, at its entrance. Te Kakahu-o-Tamatea ("Tamatea's Garment") is its Maori name, as given me by Kupa Haereroa, an old-time sealer and whaler, of Oraka, Southland. The Inlet is over eight miles long and about one and a half miles wide; it has two long arms, Edwardson Sound, and Cunaris Sound, very deep and walled about with precipitous mountains 3,000 to 4,000 ft. high.

Preservation Inlet, separated from Chalky by a mountainous tongue of land, is the most southerly

of the fiords, and bites deeply into the south-west corner of the South Island. On the southern point of the entrance, Puysegur, is a lighthouse. The Sound is a large landlocked sheet of water, with many islets and innumerable coves and bays and creeks. Cuttle Cove is a favourite anchorage ; thence there is a narrow deep waterway into Long Sound, a very beautiful fiord fourteen miles in length, and in places

[*W. A. Kennedy, photo*

The Glory of a Fiordland Sunset. Looking towards the head of Lake Manapouri from Pamona Island.

only half a mile wide, with great wooded mountains towering on each hand. On the eastern side of the inlet is a small township, Oneroa, the Ultima Thule of Southland. Matauira Island is interesting for its Maori associations ; it was the site of the last fortified village of the Ngati-Mamoe tribe ; this was captured by the Ngati-Kuri and Ngai-Tahu over a hundred and fifty years ago.

The following is a list of the steaming distances between the chief anchorages on the Fiordland coast :

Bluff Harbour to Cuttle Cove, Preservation Inlet, 85 miles.

Cuttle Cove to Long Sound (head of Preservation Inlet), 15 miles.

Cuttle Cove to head of Dusky Sound, 50 miles.

Dusky Sound to Wet Jacket Arm, 19 miles.

Wet Jacket Arm to Hall's Arm (head of Doubtful Sound), 49 miles.

Hall's Arm to George Sound, 59 miles.

George Sound to Milford Sound, 43 miles.

Milford Sound to Bluff, direct, 217 miles.

H.M.S. "Acheron," the vessel which surveyed the West Coast Sounds. The drawing shows her at anchor in Port Chalmers in 1848. She was the first steamer to visit that port.

Chapter XI.

STEWART ISLAND.

(Steamer from Bluff to Half-moon Bay, Stewart Island, 22 miles.)

RAKI-URA, "Isle of the Glowing Sky," is the poetic Maori name of the most southern of New Zealand's pleasure places, Stewart Island, separated from the South Island by the waters of Foveaux Strait. It has an ancient honorific name too, Te Puka (punga)-o-te Waka-a-Maui, meaning "The Anchor of Maui's Canoe." It derives its English name from the navigator who discovered its insularity more than a century ago. Stewart Island is 39 miles in extreme length (north to south); its greatest breadth is a little over 20 miles; it is roughly triangular in outline and contains 425,390 acres or about 665 square miles. The highest point is Hana-nui, or Mt. Anglem, 3,200 feet; it is an extinct volcano. The island is thickly wooded over the greater part of its area, and its shores are greatly broken into bays and harbours; and rocky islands, many covered with bush, are studded all about its coast. The figure and the names of Raki-ura would have delighted the man who wove one of the world's greatest romances about a map that he had drawn of a fanciful island. Robert Louis Stevenson has told in his essay "My First Book" how delighted he was with his own first notion of "Treasure Island." "I made the shape of an island; it was elaborately and (I thought) beautifully coloured; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbours that pleased me like sonnets." Not then had Stevenson known a South Sea island; he lived to see them in vast variety, yet had he known our own Great Barrier and Stewart Island he might

have been just as charmed with their winding harbours, their tall timber and their dark cliffs, their old heave-downs. The very names of the Stewart Island coast spell romance—Port Adventure, Cannibal Bay, Hidden Island, Small-craft Retreat, Fright Cove, Sealers' Bay, Pearl Island, Glory Cove, Shipbuilders' Cove, even the old-sailor name Chew-Tobacco Bay.

The steam passage from the Bluff to Oban, the township on Half-Moon Bay, the principal settlement

[*Havelock Williams, photo*

Half-Moon Bay, Stewart Island

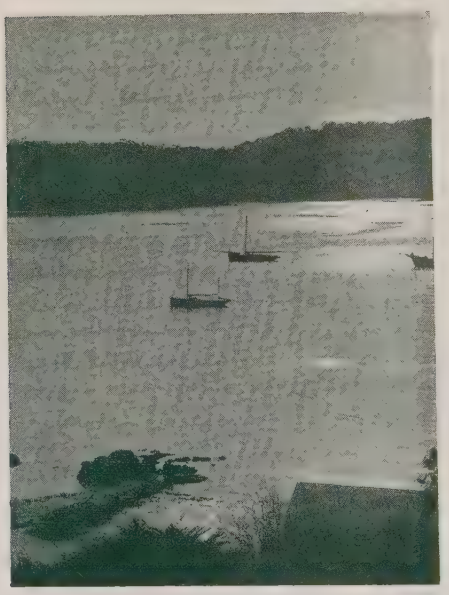
of the island, takes about two hours. On the run across, historic Ruapuke Island is seen on the port hand some eight miles away. This Maori-owned island was the home a century ago of the chief Tuhawaiki, who was a great friend of the coast pioneers, and acquired many civilized habits. He had a small schooner for coast-cruising. Ruapuke also was the scene of the labours of the most notable missionary to the Southern Maoris, the Rev. J. F. H. Wohlers, who settled there in 1843 and lived nearly forty years on the island.

At Half-Moon Bay there are several comfortable places of accommodation, and there is a numerous fleet of small craft—auxiliary screw cutters and ketches and motor-launches—which may be hired for excursions

A Corduroy Track, Stewart Island.

along the coast. Many of the offshore islands are the breeding-places of the petrel called the mutton-bird (*titi* or *taiko*), and during the season the whole native population goes camping on the islands, raking the *titi* from their earth-burrows and cooking and

potting them for future use and for sale. The seas around Rakiura were once a great whaling ground, and Mr. Frank Bullen in his " Cruise of the Cachalot " described this vanished life of the old-time whaleships which made rendezvous at Port William and Port Pegasus. In the early seventies Mr. Bullen was at Stewart Island in the American whaleship " Splendid." Another famous vessel of those days was the New Zealand-owned whaling barque "Chance," whose plucky little master, Captain Paddy Gilroy, and his Maori and half-caste crew are the subjects of some passages in "The Cruise of the Cachalot."



Stewart Island.

In some details of configuration and scenery Stewart Island resembles the Great Barrier Island on the Auckland Coast. Port Fitzroy is not unlike Paterson Inlet, the ten-mile-long harbour on the north side of Rakiura. Here there are the same scalloped bays that one sails into in the north; the same many-tinted glory of native foliage descending from the hills to the tide-verge; the same divinely clear water and clean shelly and sandy beaches, divided by craggy rocks broidered with flowering shrubs. No *pohutukawa* in these southern bays, but there is its cousin the *rata*, crimson with blossom in midsummer and stretching its knotty arms out over the mussel-mailed rocks. The hills about the long and winding harbour are lower and less precipitous than the Barrier's heights, and that is the chief item of differ-

ence. But here one has the soft and genial air of the northern islands, in the pleasantest of contrast to the often raw bleak winds of the Southland plains. And when I think of Rakiura I remember most the glinting waters of Paterson Inlet. There is scarcely a harbour in all these islands more full of pleasure for the boat-sailer. Three of us once cruised about its secret coves and in and out of its tidal creeks in a whaleboat carrying mainsail and jib, and a glorious day or two we had exploring its hidden ways, sometimes with just enough wind on the glittering surface of the sea-lake to give us steerage way, sometimes going foaming along with a piping breeze that laid our lee gunwale level with the water and by and by compelled us to close-reef the mainsail. In and out of the bays—from Kaipipi to Sydney Cove, in and around the three little sister isles that rose like tree groves from the tideway—Faith, Hope and Charity they had been named, and as was fitting the greatest of these was Charity—then rounding into Traill's Cove, all a-glitter in white sand between huge rocks, on the fairy-like island of Ulva, a wild botanical garden, with many curious plants and shrubs. One of these is the *puharitaiko* (senecio rotundifolius) with large glossy-green leathery leaves, on which messages can be written in ink. These leaves could be stamped and sent through the post-office a few years ago, but the practice is now interdicted.

A dozen other good bays and harbours there are, round to Port Pegasus, on the South Coast. The one pity is that it is so far away, this "lonely island fair," so far away from our centres of population that its golden beauties lie for the most part unknown, untasted by those who would gather a store of health and a store of pleasant memories were they able to explore its *rata*-wooded hills and boat along its glinting waterways.

Southward from Paterson Inlet, along the east coast, there are a number of beautiful bays and harbours. Ka-one-a-Tu ("The Sands of Tu," the

war-god), generally known as Chew-Tobacco Bay, is seven miles from the mouth of Paterson; it is a very good fishing ground. Port Adventure, four miles further on, contains several fine coves and arms, into one of which flows the Heron River, so named because the now rare *kotuku* or white heron once abounded there. South again is Lord's River, forest-belted and navigable by boats for several miles. Port Pegasus, 17 miles S.W. of Lord's River, and near the southern point of the island, is one of the finest harbours in New Zealand, deep, and well-sheltered. It is seven miles long N.E. and S.W., and is divided into the north and south arms, connected by Acheron Passage. The port is named after an old-time Sydney whaling ship. At Pegasus, in 1840, Captain Nias, of H.M.S. "Herald," hoisted the British flag and proclaimed the Queen's Sovereignty over Stewart Island, in virtue of the discovery of the island by Captain Cook in 1770. Captain Stewart, who was the "Herald's" pilot, is credited with having discovered the insularity of Rakiura, about 1809, Captain Cook having taken it to be part of the mainland. Tin ore and other minerals have been found on the shores of Pegasus, and tin-mining was carried on for some years. Virginian deer were liberated here in 1905, and now afford sport to the stalker. The seas swarm with edible fish of all kinds, and flounders are obtained in great quantities by spearing in the sandy bays at night by torchlight.

The teeming bird life is one of the attractive things about this fascinating Rakiura. The old natives of The Neck, the principal Maori and half-caste settlement, at Paterson Inlet, are good authorities on bird-lore, as they are also on other interesting natural-history features of these parts. The bell-bird, which has so many Maori names, is here called the *koparapara*. The shining cuckoo, or *pipi-wharauroa*, and the long-tailed cuckoo, called *koekoea* and also *kohoperoa*, are regular summer migrants from the tropics, and they seem particularly fond of well-wooded Stewart Island,

with its abundance of bush fruit. The Ngai-Tahu and Ngati-Mamoe call the shining cuckoo *Te manu-a-Maui* ("Maui's Bird"), because its arrival in the spring and early summer reminds them that the food-planting season has come; Maui is the ancient tutelary deity of the cultivations. All about the shore of Paterson Inlet and other bays the *pipi-wharauroa's* sweet high call is heard in the summer

The Shining Cuckoo.

days. The natives hear in its notes a timely injunction to the food-planters:—

"Ko-o-ia, koia, koia!
Tiria, tiria, tiria!
Whatiwhatia, whatiwhatia!"

It means "Dig away, break up the earth, prepare the ground for the planting of seed." This, too, is its midsummer call:

"Kui, kui,
Whitiwhiti ora,
Tio-o!"

So say the Maoris; the long-drawn high whistling call at the close, sounding very sweet among the tree groves, is peculiarly the shining cuckoo's cry. One may be reminded of the classic song of the hoopoe summoning its fellows in the "Birds" of Aristophanes:

> "Ye that o'er the furrowed sod
> Twitter upon every clod,
> Making all the air rejoice
> With your soft and slender voice,
> Tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio."

APPENDIX

RED DEER STALKING.

A Ministerial statement was made in Parliament that restrictions on deer-shooting would be removed and the close season abolished, but no *Gazette* notice had been issued up to the time of printing. Some Acclimatization Societies and sportsmen have protested against the proposed general lifting of restrictions. Enquiries as to the policy finally adopted should be made at the New Zealand Government Enquiry Offices.

THE WAKATIPU AND FIORDLAND COUNTRY ROUTES FROM HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU.

Supplementary to the information contained in the sections descriptive of Lake Wakatipu and the Te Anau-Milford Sound country, these routes may be noted; they are in rugged mountain regions and should be attempted only by people used to rough travelling on horseback and foot.

Routeburn Valley and Lake Harris Saddle.—This expedition may be made on horseback to the foot of the Saddle, from either Glenorchy or Kinloch, at the head of Lake Wakatipu. The distance from Glenorchy to a hut on the Upper Routeburn River is seventeen miles; to Lake Harris Saddle twenty-one miles. There are very beautiful pictures of rivers, lakes, forests, waterfalls, glaciers and high alps, and a magnificent view from the Saddle above Lake Harris, altitude about 5,000 feet. Immediately facing the traveller here are Mt. Christina (8,500 feet) and many nameless giants; in every

undulation a glacier or snowfield. In the profound abyss 4,600 feet below, the silver thread of the Hollyford River winds through the forest. The view from the survey trig-stations above the Saddle extends to Mt. Aspiring in the north, and to Mt. Tutoko and the Tasman Sea on the west. Numerous lakes, such as Lakes Gunn and Howden, are in view.

Hollyford Valley, Pyke's River, and Martin's Bay.—This camping-out expedition may be made from the head of Wakatipu. Alternative routes give the traveller an opportunity of going up the Greenstone and the Routeburn Valleys. The scenery can be described as glorious all the way. The landscape wonders culminate in the grand view of Mt. Tutoko's glaciated head through the forest from Pyke's River. Between the Hollyford and Mt. Tutoko and the West Coast there is some of the most difficult mountain country in the Island, affording endless fields of exploration for climbers. Mr. Samuel Turner, F.R.G.S., has done much exploring in this part of the Fiordland hinterland. Mt. Tutoko has been the objective of numerous expeditions, some from the head of Milford Sound by way of the Cleddau River.

From Lake Wakatipu to "Glade House," Lake Te Anau.—This alternative route to or from the inland end of the Milford track is to be recommended only to hardy travellers fond of "roughing it." The route was first discovered in 1905 by two amateur explorers. It goes up the valley of the Greenstone River, near the head of Wakatipu, and passes Howden, McKellar, and other lakes, descending alongside the upper Eglinton River for part of the way.

Information as to these routes, the guides, the condition of the tracks, huts, etc., may be obtained at the City Tourist offices, and at Queenstown, Wakatipu.

INDEX

" Acheron," H.M.S., 158, 160, 164
Acheron Passage, Dusky and Breaksea Sounds, 160
Acheron Passage, Port Pegasus, Stewart Island, 170
Ada, Lake, 144
Akaroa, 36-48
Alice, Lake, 154
Amuri Plains, 34
Anita Bay, Milford Sound, 148, 150
" Adventure," exploring ship, 6
Aorangi (Mt. Cook), 49-79
Arahura River, 84-85
Arapawa Island, 6
Arthur's Pass, Otira route, 80
Arthur River, Milford Sound route, 138-143
Aspiring, Mt., 101-102
" Astrolabe," D'Urville's ship, 9-10
Au-miti, Te (French Pass), 9-10
Avon River, Christchurch, 27-29
Awaiti, Te, whaling station, 4
Awarua (Haast River), 98
Awatere River, 21

Ball Hut, Tasman Valley, 72, 73, 74
Balloon Peak, 137
Banks Peninsula, 36-48
Ben Lomond, 114-115
Ben Ohau, 55, 57
Birds, Native : Akaroa, 42
Fiordland, 142-144
Southern Alps, 62-64
Lake Manapouri, 125-126
Stewart Island, 170-172
Blenheim, 19, 21
Bligh Sound, 153
Bluff, 163, 164, 165
Bowen Fall, Milford Sound, 146-147
Brewster, Mt., Haast Pass, 101
Bradshaw Sound, 130
Breaksea Sound, 158, 160
" Britannia," ship, Dusky Sound, 161
Browning's Pass, 85
Bruce Bay, 98
Brunner, Lake, 82
Buller River and road, 14-17
Burke's Pass, 50
Burke hut, Haast Valley, 100
Butler, Samuel, 103
Brothers, The (islands), 8-9

Castle Rock, Canterbury Port Hills, 31
Canterbury Provincial District, 27-79
Canterbury Plains, 29, 103
Cathedral Peaks, Lake Manapouri, 126-127
Christchurch, 27-33
Clifden, 119
Clutha River, 110, 118
Clinton Cañon, 134-137
Conway Peak, 78
Copland Pass, 66, 71
Cheviot Country, 26
" Chance," whaling barque, 168
Caswell Sound, 156
Chalky Inlet, 162
Charles Sound, 156
Chew-Tobacco Bay, Stewart Island, 166
" Cruise of the Cachalot," 168
Cuttle Cove, Preservation Inlet, 163, 164
Cook, Captain, in New Zealand harbours, 2, 6, 36, 161, 170

David's Dome, 57
Deer-stalking, X, 118, 173
Denniston, West Coast, 18
Dart Valley, Wakatipu, 115
Diggings, West Coast Goldfields, VIII., IX., 82, 83, 86, 87, 89, 90
Douglas (Glacier Peak), 57, 78
Doubtful Sound, 156-158
Dover's Pass, 54
Duffer's Creek, Westland, 90
Dusky Sound, 161-162
Dunedin, 103-109
Darwin, Mount, 71
Danger Mountain, Fiordland, 128
D'Urville Island, 9, 11
Dagg's Sound, 158

Earnslaw, Mount, 110, 114, 115
Elie de Beaumont, Mount, 57, 78
" Endeavour," Captain Cook's ship, 6, 8

Facile Harbour, Dusky Sound, 161
Fairlie, 49, 50
Fiordland National Park, 128-164, 173-174
Fishing—trout, XI.
salmon, XI., 103-104
First sealing party in New Zealand, 161
Fitzgerald, A. E., alpinist, 68, 69
Flora of Aorangi region, Southern Alps, 59, 66, 70, 74
Franz Josef (Waiau) Glacier, 59, 90-94
Fort Arthur, Nelson, 11-12
Fox Glacier, 71, 94-95
French Farm, Akaroa, 48
French Pass, 8, 9, 10
French Settlement, Akaroa, 40
Furneaux, Captain of " Adventure," 6
Fyffe, Mount, Kaikoura, 22

George Sound, 153, 154
Giant's Tooth, Cape Foulwind, 17
Gilroy, Captain Paddy, 168
Glacial excavation, lakes and sounds, 112, 113, 114, 150
Glaciers, their rate of movement, 60, 62
Glade House, Lake Te Anau, 134, 174
Glenorchy, Lake Wakatipu, 115
Godley Glacier, 58, 59
Graham's Saddle, Southern Alps, 78
Green, Rev. W. E., alpinist, 78, 79
Greenstone, and Maori legends about it, 84-85, 148, 150
Greymouth, 83

Haast Pass (Westland—Otago), 96-102
Haast, Sir Julius von, 92, 103
Hart, Mount, 137, 139, 140
Haidinger, Mount, 57
Half-Moon Bay, Stewart Island, 166, 167
Hanmer Plain, springs and spa, 33, 34, 35
Hawea, Lake, 118
" Hermitage," Mount Cook, 49, 55, 57
" Herald," H.M.S., 170
Hiku-o-te Waero, Te (Kaikoura), 23
Hochstetter Dome, Southern Alps, 78
Hochstetter Ice-fall, Southern Alps, 76
Hoiere, Te (Pelorus Sound), 7
Hokitika, 86-89
Hooker Glacier and valley, 58, 60, 66, 67, 69, 70
Hollyford Valley, 115, 174
Horo-Koau (Mt. Tasman), 68
Hurunui River, 26
Hauroko, Lake, 119

Ianthe, Lake, 89
Invercargill, 109

Jackson's Bay, 89

Kaikoura Peninsula and town, 21-24
Kaikoura Mountains, 22-23
Kaka parrot, 64, 125
Kanieri, Lake, 85, 86, 87, 88
Katherine, Lake, 154
Karangarua, South Westland, 71, 102
Kawarau River, 110, 113
Kea, mountain parrot, 62, 63
Kea Point, Southern Alps, 64, 65
Kellerman, Annette, in praise of Nelson, 12-13
Kenepuru, Pelorus Sound, 7
Kinsey, Mount, Southern Alps, 66, 74
Kirikiri-Katata, Southern Alps, 68

La Perouse, Mount, 57
Lendenfeld, Mount, 57, 78
Liebig Range, Southern Alps, 57, 68
Little River, 38
Lumsden, 119
Lyttelton, Port, 30, 32, 36, 37

Mackenzie Country (South Canterbury), 50-54
McKinnon, Quintin, the explorer, 131, 137, 138, 139
McKinnon's Pass, 134, 136-139
Mahinapua, Lake, 88-89
Mahitahi, South Westland, 102
Malaspina, Spanish navigator, 158
Makarore (Makarora), Lake Wanaka, 97-102, 116
Maka-whio River, 98
Malte Brun Range and Alpine huts, 57, 58, 72, 76
Manapouri, Lake (or Motu-rau), 119-127
Mani-rauhea (Hanmer Plains), 34
Mapourika, Lake, 89
Marchant, Lake, 154
Marlborough provincial district, 19-21
Marlborough Sounds, 1-11
Matakitaki Valley, Lake Wanaka, 116
Maui, the Polynesian voyager, X.
" Maui's Canoe " (South Island,) X.
" Maui's Fish " (North Island), X.
Maunga-ma, Southern Alps, 61, 65, 67
Motu-tapu, or Crescent Island, Lake Wanaka, 116
Memorial Point, Akaroa, 43, 44
Milford Sound, 144-152
Milford Sound, overland route to, 128-144
Mitre Peak, 143, 144, 146, 148
" Mesopotamia," Upper Rangitata, 103
Monowai, Lake, 119
Minarets, The, 57
Mintaro, Lake, 136
Moeraki River, South Westland, 98
Moeraki, East Coast, 68, 112
Moorhouse Range, 69

Mou-a-Hou, Te (Manuka Island, Lake Wanaka), 116
Mueller Glacier, 58, 64, 65, 66, 67
Murchison Glacier, 58, 76
Murihiku (Southland), 120, 122, 128, 131

Nancy Sound, 156
Nelson, city and province, 11-15
Ngati-Mamoe, the fugitive tribe, 131-132, 161
Ngawhatu (the Brothers islets), 8
Ngawhatu, Ngati-Toa traditions of, 8
Nikau Palm Gully, Akaroa, 45, 46
Notornis Hochstetteri (*takahea*), 133

Oamaru, 104
Oaro River, 25
Okarito, 89, 90
Omihi, 25
Onuku, Akaroa, 45
Opawa River, 19
Okura-matakitaki Range, 98
Onawe Peninsula, Akaroa, 48
Otago provincial district and harbour, 103-109
Otago gold-diggings, IX.
Otautau, 119
Otira Gorge, 80-82

Paterson Inlet, Stewart Island, 168, 169
" Pelorus Jack," 8
Pelorus Sound, 2, 7-8
Pembroke, Lake Wanaka, 102, 116, 118
Pembroke, Mt., Milford Sound, 146, 149
Picton, 4
Pickersgill Harbour, Dusky Sound, 159, 161
Pompalona huts, Clinton Cañon, 136
Port Adventure, Stewart Island, 166, 170
Port Hills, Canterbury, 30-33
Port Pegasus, Stewart Island, 169, 170
Port Underwood, 2, 5,
Preservation Inlet, 119, 162, 163
" Providence," built in Dusky Sound, 161-162
Pukaki, Lake, 52, 54, 55
Poutiritiri, Lake, 119
Punakaikai, Westland, 16
Puoho's march over Haast Pass, 97
Puysegur Point, Preservation Inlet, 163

Queen Charlotte Sound, 2-6
Queenstown, Lake Wakatipu, 110, 111
Quill, William (Fiordland explorer), 139-140
Quintin huts (Sutherland Fall camp), 138

" Resolution," Captain Cook's ship in Dusky Sound, 161
Resolution Island, 160
Rakaia River, 85
Rakaihaitu, Polynesian explorer, legends of, 112-113
Raki-ura (Stewart Island), 165
Rangitata River, 103
Rangitoto (D'Urville Island), 9, 11
Raureka and the greenstone, legend of, 84-85
" Roaring Billy " Waterfall, 100
Rolleston, Mount, 80
Ross, Westland, 89, 90
Rotoiti, Lake, Nelson, 14, 15
Ruapuke Island, 166
Routeburn Valley, 115, 173-174
Rotoroa, Lake, Nelson, 14
Ruahine, Te, Akaroa Heads, 46, 47

Safe Cove, Lake Manapouri, 125
Salmon fishing, XI
Sealy Range, 57, 65, 66-69
Sefton, Mount, 57, 58, 65, 66-69
Shining Cuckoo (*pipi-wharauroa*), 170-172
Sheerdown Mountains, 144
Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte Sound, 6
Simon's Pass Station, Mackenzie Country, 54
South Westland, 96-102
Spencer Mountains, 16
Smith Sound, Doubtful Sound, 158
Stephen Island, 9
Stewart Island, 165-172
Stirling Fall, Milford Sound, 146, 149
Sutherland, Donald, 138, 150-152
Sutherland Sound, 128, 153
Sutherland Waterfall, 138-140

Tahuna-a-Tamaiea, Te, Nelson, 11
Tama-ki-te-rangi, 23, 24
Tapuae-nuku, Kaikoura Mts., 22-23
Tihi-o-kahukura, Te (Castle Rock), 31
Tory Channel, 4
The Neck, Stewart Island, 170
Trout fishing, XI.
Timaru, 49, 103, 104
Takapo (Tekapo), Lake, 50
Tasman Glacier, 55, 56, 58, 60, 71-78
Tasman, Mount, 57, 68, 71, 72
Tasman River, 55, 56
Tauru River, Lake Hawea, 118
Tuamarino (Tuamarina), Marlborough, 19-21
Takahea bird (*Notornis Hochstetteri*), 133
Takitimu Range, 119
Tangiwai greenstone (bowenite), legend of, 148

Te Anau, Lake, 128-134
Thompson Sound, 156
Tutoko, Mount, 146

Ulva Island, Paterson Inlet, Stewart Island, 169

Waiau River, (Kaikoura — Canterbury route), 26
Waiau Glacier and River, Westland, 92-94
Waiau River, Southland, 119
Waikari River, 34
Waimakariri River, 80
Waimea Plains, Nelson, 14
Wairau fight, 12, 20, 21
Wairau River, 19
Wai-ngaro-pupu spring, Nelson, 14
Wakatipu, Lake, 109-116, 173-174
Wanaka, Lake, 101-102, 116
Wapiti deer in Fiordland, 154
Waitaki River, 103, 104
Weka (woodhen), 63, 64
Weka Pass, North Canterbury, 34
Westland district, 80-102
Westport, 16-18
Wet Jacket Arm, Dusky Sound, 160-161
Whakaari, Kaikoura Mountains, 22, 23
Whakapuaka, Nelson, 14
Whaling industry, shore stations and ships, 4, 18, 23, 24, 26, 168, 170
Wills River, South Westland, 100

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